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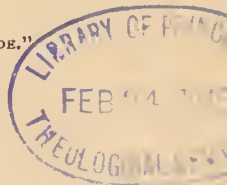
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THE  
Canterbury Pilgrimage.

"YE GOON TO CAUNTERBURY; GOD YE SPEDE."

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TO AND FROM



THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE

AND

THE SHEFFIELD CONGRESS.

BY

RT. REV. G. T. BEDELL, D.D.,

BISHOP OF OHIO.

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*PROHEME.* CHAUCER'S quaint conceit becomes reality. The poet's idea conceived, probably, in 1378, enters into history, five centuries afterward, in this year of our Lord 1878. For the Archbishop of Canterbury has invited his Episcopal co-laborers to a pilgrimage; to visit him for conference in his ancient See. A grand procession of Bishops in communion with the Church of England is even now in progress, coming from every country where the English tongue prevails, and tending toward Lambeth in the Diocese of Canterbury.

We are invited first to meet at *Canterbury*; and probably this fact has suggested the device which I have chosen as the title of my story.

But the Conference at Lambeth will be the main topic of these papers. Whilst travelling to and from the Conference, and the Congress which is to meet at Sheffield at a later date, we shall visit many scenes; a variety of attractions gather around them. Still, the central interest lies at the Lambeth Conference. Many will cross the ocean

from these United States ; some will traverse both lands and oceans to reach the meeting-place. It is not too much to hope that many a prayer for us will interpret Chaucer's greeting to the pilgrims,

“Ye goon to Caunterbury ; God ye spede.”

We shall not start as Chaucer's pilgrims did, from the old “Tabard Inn,” in Southwark, which he has made immortal, notwithstanding that Time has laid hands sorely on it. So widely has the Anglo-Saxon family distributed itself since his day, and so great is now the lineage of the ancient Church of England (older than his day), that the guests of Canterbury represent nearly two hundred Dioceses ; and the Bishops are gathering from every quarter of the world.

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*THE BISHOP'S  
TALE.*

I SHALL tell the story of that gathering. But dismissing further recollections of Chaucer the poet, my tale will be plain prose. The subject is grave. The Conference will become part of the history of this marvellous Nineteenth Century ; part of the grand history of the movements of the Kingdom of our Lord Christ ; part of the steps

of the progress of the King of kings, as He goes forth in these latter days, conquering and to conquer.

I tell the story for my friends. Probably those topics will be prominent which seem to me likely to be of chief interest to them. But the main subject has already awakened the attention of the Church of Christ, and the minor incidents may have an attraction still more extended; for our appointments take us not only to Canterbury, and Lambeth, and Sheffield, but to Oxford and Cambridge, to York and Edinburgh, to Farnham Castle and Winchester, to Paris and Switzerland.

# I.

## THE VOYAGE.

*The Celtic.*

*THE SEA.* WE left New York on one of the loveliest days in June. Not a cloud was to be seen. Just enough breeze was stirring to temper the sun's rays. The magnificent bay of New York seldom has appeared to me so full of attractive scenery. The waters were crowded with shipping and sailing craft, and I confess to an exhilaration at finding that our steamer was overtaking everything in sight, and rapidly leaving all other vessels behind. The good ship *Celtic* has thus far maintained her reputation, for to-day at noon, if all is well, four days out from Sandy Hook, we shall be more than half way to Queenstown. She is a wonderfully steady ship; a frequent remark has been, "this is like a sail on the North River;" we experience as little as may be of that horrible unsteadiness in the craft which led Horace (I think it was) to immortalize his ocean, the Mediterranean, as the "*dissociabile mare.*" On the contrary, we have enjoyed the most sociable companionship.

What an interesting caravansera such a ship becomes, gathering from all quarters a company for a week, who, in the meanwhile, being transferred, almost without knowing it, from one continent to the other, shall then separate for independent journeyings to meet no more until the resurrection.

*WHIT-SUNDAY  
ON BOARD.*

It was a White - Sunday, indeed. A glorious morning greeted us. As we had reached the Gulf-stream, the atmosphere was soft and mild, a gentle south wind blowing. By special favor of the captain, the ladies' cabin was given to us for an hour at 9 o'clock, when Bishop Doane administered the Lord's Supper to a small company. At 10.30 o'clock Bishop Lyman read the usual Morning Prayer in the main cabin, almost all the passengers and many from the steerage being present. Bishop Bedell preached, of whom and of his sermon I need report nothing, as you know pretty well what he would be likely to preach about on such a Festival. In the evening at 8 o'clock, by unusual favor, we enjoyed a second service. We were on the banks of Newfoundland, and, as is ordinarily the case at that point, we were surrounded by dense fog. It is the hour of greatest danger. The fog-whistle began its sad, in-

termittent moan. The mournful warning sound, and the sense of special peril, added solemnity to the hour. Bishop Spalding read a shortened form of prayer, and Bishop Doane followed with a brief, spirited, effective sermon. He is a

*BISHOP DOANE.* remarkably ready extempore speaker. His sermon on the

“Gifts of God and the ministry of gifts” was suggestive, very original, and equally instructive. At both services the music was hearty and strictly congregational, as English Church music usually is; and altogether, judging by the warm expressions of our fellow-worshippers, and our own feelings, our Whit-Sunday Festival on board ship was thoroughly enjoyed, and was blessed by the presence of that Holy Comforter whose gift to the Church we were commemorating.

How delightful is this communion of saints, this fellowship of hearts made kindred by common faith in Jesus and common love to those whom He loves! And what a privilege is this Common Prayer, which makes a happy meeting-spot for all portions of the Anglican Communion. Pardon the word. I can not find a better. Americans, English, Canadians, West Indians, Australians — it seemed at once to open the door for us into a spir-



itual home, and some who had never heard our Common Prayer before were led to a very outspoken admiration of its beauty and solemnity.

*Liverpool.*

Our brethren at Liverpool had shown their hospitality by facilitating our passing through the Custom-house, so that we were not delayed five minutes after the landing of baggage, etc., was effected. This was a peculiar kindness, and very grateful. They had come out in a tug on Saturday night to intercept the steamer, but failed on account of the fog; but they watched for us, and waited until nearly midnight, prepared to take us at once to their homes.

By the hour of morning service, we were ready for worship; our hearts full of gratitude to God for His special mercies. We attended *TRINITY SUNDAY.* St. Andrew's, close by the hotel (Adelphi), where we enjoyed a spiritually refreshing service and sermon. This was *worship*; no shows, no novelties, no proxy praying or proxy singing; but earnest, devout common prayer and praise, led by clergymen who knew how to read, and a strong choir who knew (and practiced what they knew) that the goodness of a choir consists in

their leading the music, not in their performing it. We had chants that every one could sing, and chorals that every one did sing; and we had responses that could be heard, and every worshipper seemed to be absorbed in worship. It was grand; the Litany was said as we say it in Ohio. The sermon, by the rector, Rev. Mr. Lefroy, was a warm-hearted exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity, followed by an appeal for charity for the sufferers by the late explosion in the collieries. Mr. Lefroy is a clear thinker, and a sympathizing

*REV. MR.*  
*LEFROY.* preacher. His voice is musical, and his manner glowing. His influence, and the influence of the pure Gospel which he preaches, are shown by the crowding of his church with a devout and interested congregation. Depend upon it, the Gospel has not lost its power. Not Liberalism — indefinite, uncertain, indeterminate, religious and ecclesiastical know-nothingism; and not Ritualism, but Righteousness—the Righteousness in Christ and through Christ—that is it, which is the power of the pulpit.

By one thing we were specially struck—the total silence of this crowded congregation which followed the benediction, and continued until they had left the House of God. I did not hear a word

spoken in the aisles; and then each one went his way from the church-yard with quiet reverence. Could it not be imitated among us profitably?

*CONFIRMATION.*

On Monday we were present at a confirmation, by the Bishop of Chester, in whose Diocese Liverpool lies. Eight or more parishes were represented on this occasion, each Rector bringing his class. The candi-

*BISHOP  
OF CHESTER.*

dates numbered 157 girls, 86 boys; in all 243. The aged Bishop, after the confirmation, addressed his "children" in a very affectionate and impressive manner. They listened with deep attention, and were then allowed to depart with the Bishop's benediction. It was a solemn service; somewhat tedious, however, although the Bishop laid hands on two at each time of repeating the prayer. The service of confirmation was the only one used.

I learned that none of the candidates were under fifteen years of age, and I am sure that many were twenty or twenty-five years old. Judging from this confirmation, our impression is happily incorrect, that English children are brought to this holy ordinance at an immature age.

*REV. MR. LOMAS.*

One of the Pastors of the district invited us to go with him

to this service. Arriving at his house we found the whole class gathered in his study. The good Rector gave his final, earnest, and faithful counsels. After that, his Curate prayed with them and for them (extempore), his voice being at times choked with emotion. I gave them the Blessing; and then we proceeded to St. Cuthbert's Church, about a mile off.

What a happy practice; this gathering of the candidates at the Parsonage, just previous to the Confirmation service. It tends to establish, to the last moment, their sense of separation from the world, and their feeling of unity, as a little flock, around their Pastor. It furnishes, too, an opportunity for him to impress their minds solemnly at the very moment when they are approaching the crisis of their public self-dedication to God.

## II.

### OXFORD.

ON the way to Canterbury, the pilgrims in Chaucer's day had time to tell many a pleasant tale. "Merrie" they were too, although their pilgrimage was to terminate at Thomas à Becket's Tomb. Judged by the movement of their "rime," they did not waste many tears over the saint and martyr. You may think that we, too, were a long while in arriving at Canterbury, seeing that our first appointment called us there. But when we reached England, it was found that advantage had been taken of the interval before the 29th of June to interpose some other visits; and it will be quite in keeping, that I should tell you of them, before going on to the story of our pilgrimage to ancient Kent.

*A VISIT TO  
OXFORD.*

Nothing could have been more attractive to the Bishops from the United States, than an invitation to the seat of the University of Oxford; nor could any welcome have been more hearty than that

which they received. Many of the Colonial Bishops returned to Oxford as to a home; and some (the Bishop of Cape Town, and Metropolitan, for example) actually returned home, for as a Fellow of St. John's College he had a right still to the rooms of his fellowship. They evidently enjoyed it fully. And we strangers were made part of the circle of Church University life as kindly as possible, and with the utmost cordiality. On Tuesday the Bishops arrived, and left on Friday; and you shall judge of the hospitality of our University friends. On Tuesday was the Commencement (as we call it) of the Cuddesdon Theological School. The Bishop of Oxford entertained the Bishops at his palace, which is at Cuddesdon. Tuesday afternoon and evening included a dinner at the Warden's, Keble College; and an evening party at the Rector's, Exeter College. On Wednesday, was a luncheon in the Common's Hall of Keble, and a dinner with the Archdeacon of the Diocese; besides the two missionary meetings, one at 2 P.M. and one at 7.30. On Thursday, a breakfast was given at St. John's College, by the Bishop of Cape Town; a luncheon at Merton College, by the Rural Dean, and a gar-

#### *HOSPITALITY.*

den-tea by the celebrated Professor Max Müller. To all, the ladies accompanying the Bishops were invited. In the intervals we were busy in visiting the majestic parks of New College (centuries old); and St. John's; the restored reredos of All Souls; the tomb of Patterson, a martyr indeed, and a saint without a decree from Rome; the chapel of Exeter (very like Sainte Chapelle of Paris); the chapel and halls of Keble; Bodleian Library; and, remembering Kenyon, and what would be expected of me by Kenyon under-graduates, a visit to the cricket-ground, and the sight of a match; and also a visit to the Isis, and the boats.

*CRICKET.* The English national game is manly and exciting. Great skill is shown in the bowling, which requires the ball to be thrown very swiftly, and to strike the ground a short distance in front of the batters, so as to rise and hit the wicket. Equal skill must be shown by the batter, to follow the rapid motion of the ball, intercept it, and give it a blow which will enable him to make runs. I saw a good batter who made thirty-six runs; one of his companions was put out at seven. The ball is intolerably hard, and a blow from it is dangerous; so that gauntlets and

leather leggings are used, which seem to me very clumsy.

I should certainly give the preference to our own national game of base-ball. Ours requires equal skill; the skill is more equally divided between all parts of the field, and the play is incomparably more graceful.

*BOATING.* I fear we can not rival Oxford in boating; for as one of the Oxford men said to me, when I showed him the photograph of our lovely Kokosing—pointing to a cow whose feet are scarcely covered by the water—“the stream seems to be shallow.” It was useless to tell him that the cow had inconsiderately chosen a sand-bank, and to direct his eye to the boat floating lazily on the water just beyond. I turned the subject to our buildings. And by the way, it is fair to say, that the collection of photographs of Gambier, which I carried to Keble, and left there, excited very deep interest. No wonder; for even in Oxford it was asked of us: “Are the people in Ohio chiefly black?”—meaning Indians; and, “How do you get about in Ohio? Have you roads? Of course you have no railroads?”

A queer story was told me by one of our Bishops, who overheard a lady—not in Oxford—speak-



ing quite enthusiastically of a sermon she had listened to. "It was by an American," she said; "and, do you know—he was white!"

Of course, these questions were not asked by students or professors. Indeed, I found two very clever fellows from Boston at Keble College—Parker and Burnett—who have high standing. They did us many favors. And they, and others from our country, have proved that America (as our country is called) is not all a savagery. Friday morning was devoted to Magdalen College and its deer park, and Addison's walk, and the sweet music in the College Church at Morning Prayer. Magdalen College is called Maudelin, which curious transfer of sounds will suggest the original meaning of the epithet, maudlin.

So these were busy days at Oxford.

*THE UNIVERSITY.* Taking advantage of the opportunity, I have learned many things concerning the relations of the Colleges to the University, which will be of service in our effort to establish a Church University for the Central Dioceses, of which old Kenyon will be the nucleus. But you will regret to learn that late legislation has more than threatened the destruction of the Church's character of this University.

Already the Fellowships are thrown open to anybody—"Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics"—without religious tests. And now a greater danger threatens lest the Headships of Colleges should also be thrown open to every one, without distinction of ecclesiastical kinship to the Church of England. If so, we who love and revere that Church as the bulwark of Protestantism, may well cry, "Woe worth the day!"

*SCHOLARSHIP.* I regret to find that scholarship is not thought to be improving in Oxford; but that under the modern system, under the introduction of physical science, but especially under the muscular system, and the expenses attendant on it, and the dissipation which follows it, more students study less, and many attain a less high degree than was formerly the rule. The best students feel it, and regret it as much as do their teachers. A man's score at cricket, and his skill at the oar, is more thought about by the crowd of students, than his standing among the intellectual athletes. It is fairly to be hoped that the influence of Keble College will be felt, in producing a wholesome reaction. Its Warden seems to be a man of nerve and decision, and positive views as to the pre-eminence both of real study and

religion. Many another influential man is working in the same direction, as, for example, the venerated Dr. Lightfoot, Rector of Exeter. May God grant them full success; for if the Universities of England fail the Church, there will not be much of the present system worth the saving.

*RELIGION.* A redeeming point is that, according to the testimony of one who ought to know, true religion is reviving at Oxford, and by the most natural of causes. Whilst tests continued, there was a temptation to hypocrisy. The profession of Christianity seemed to many more necessary than its reality. Now, scepticism utters itself, and equally a genuine religion and devout faith puts itself in open antagonism. Religious men are known as such, and, with that genuineness so characteristic of Englishmen, they are not afraid to be known. They speak out their convictions, as well as act them out. Consequently, religion is becoming defined, and is holding its place. One significant indication is, that weekly Communion is now largely attended by under-graduates, whereas three Communion in the year were heretofore the average.

Other causes, not so satisfactory, may be combined in producing this result; but one can not

feel otherwise than thankful, whatever may have led to it, that a manly acknowledgment of Christ is becoming a noted feature in Oxford.

*KEBLE.* Keble College has a magnificent pile of buildings, in the new style, ornamented tile-work. The principal hall was built by a friend of the poet; the father of this donor having built the Chapel. The Chapel is supposed to have cost about \$150,000; no one knows how much, except the donor. It is crowded with superb mosaics, and rich stained glass, and polished marbles. In the halls, the students each have a sitting-room, and a small bedroom attached. They dine in commons. This plan diminishes the expense greatly. The cost of education at Keble is not more than the ordinary cost at Harvard. But when I told them the small cost of good college education in Gambier, I was supposed to be dealing with the fabulous.

### III.

#### DISTINGUISHED PREACHERS.

*London.*

THE Temple Church attracted us, both by its associations, its renowned choir, and the reputation of its eloquent Master, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan.

*REV. DR. VAUGHAN.* His sermon was on the topic: "The Natural *versus* Miraculous Laws." He treated it in a very practical manner, not at all argumentative, taking as an illustration, the corn of heaven no longer necessary after Israel could obtain the corn of Canaan; miracles not needed when natural laws are sufficient.

His style is simple, easy, and chaste; his manner that usual with English clergymen; his voice clear, firm, and penetrating. The church was crowded, both the outer and the inner temple being full; and the audience, apparently of the highest classes, was very attentive and devout.

In the afternoon Canon Leathes was to preach

in Westminster Abbey. We obtained stalls next to the venerable Archbishop of Armagh, and soon after every seat was filled in choir and transept. Mr. Leathes' sermon was on the text: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded," etc., laying stress on persuasion to action, in distinction from belief. His line of thought presented the idea that men can not reasonably refuse to repent, because the voice of God is sounding in their consciences, both from the law of Moses (the law written in all hearts—the Ten Commandments), and from the testimony of prophecy. Although his voice was good, and his enunciation fair, yet the difficulty of hearing in the Abbey prevented our obtaining any very clearly connected line of thought. Both these sermons bore upon the Gospel message incidentally.

*WESTMINSTER  
ABBEY.*

In the evening we attended a special service in the nave of the Abbey. The precentor, Rev. Mr. Jones, and a choir of some fifty boys and men, led the devotions, and the Dean (Stanley) read the lessons. How can I convey to you an idea of the grandeur of this occasion? And yet it occurs constantly during certain months of the year. The

nave of the Abbey is thrown open to every one; and such a crowd—at least 5,000—orderly, reverent, responding, and singing as with one voice in many responsive portions, and in the evening hymn: “Glory to Thee, my God, this night.” The twilight, scarcely fading, between 7 and 8 o’clock, still lighted the long aisles and the dizzy height of the interlaced arches of the ceiling. Not a few clustered standards of gas jets threw a red coloring amongst the gray light. Distance and majesty were wonderfully increased by these atmospheric effects, and the temple abyss was made grander by the spell of mysterious shadows. And then when this choir and the almost perfect organ burst out in Mozart’s magnificent Anthem “I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, among the people,” the emotions stirred are not to be described. If the hearts of this great throng were not lifted toward God, at least something very like devotion was kindled, and many must have been rendered susceptible to the appeal of the Gospel.

REV. DAVID  
JAMES VAUGHAN.

The Hon. Canon of Peterborough preached. His topic was the contrast and reconciliation of the two sayings of Christ: “He that is not with me is against me;” “He that is not

against us is on our part." The reconciliation is not very difficult; but it was not made more easy by an effort to show that the second phrase related to the Church, rather than, like the first, to Christ alone. Very profitable thoughts were suggested by the first text, especially that the loss of one's opportunity to do good is, in the sight of Christ, a doing of harm. The lessons from the second text were not a trifle broad: for example, that we were not to forbid "Unitarian, Quaker, or Roman Catholic teaching, because we had learned much good from them." The sermon was marked by simplicity, could be easily understood, and was well delivered in a clear, round voice. Mr. Vaughan has evidently a high place among the preachers of the Broad Church school.

In Savoy Chapel (one of the Royal Chapels) the Rev. James Moore preached on Sunday evening. Bishop Lyman regarded the sermon as of the highest order. Any of my students in Pastoral Theology will recognize Mr. Moore as the author of "Hints on Preaching," whose book I have often recommended to them as invaluable.



## IV.

### A CONSECRATION.

*St. Paul's Cathedral, London.*

ALL the Bishops from the United States, who were known to be in London, were invited to assist at the Consecration of the Bishops of Lichfield, Nassau, and North Queensland, on St. John Baptist's Day.

The Bishops of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina shared in this sacred ceremonial. The service was grander than that to which we are accustomed; for all the formalities of a State Church are employed. The Archbishop was present, and presided—the centre of a deep and real sympathy. For the hand of the Lord has touched him in the death of his son, an only son, a young man of great promise and equal modesty. He won all hearts at Boston, where he appeared in the House of Bishops, bearing a message from his father. Alas! he returned to England only to suffer from protracted disease, and to die, just as a very bright career was opening on him. Our sympathy pervaded the hours of the Consecra-

*REV. MR. TAIT.*

tion; for it was not possible to look on the grave features of the Archbishop, or to listen to the saddened tones of his voice, without being conscious that a great sorrow was seated in his heart. The cathedral was crowded in every part. In the choir chancel were the Archbishop and twenty Bishops from various lands, with attending clergy. I should suppose that at least 6,000 people were present. The choir of the cathedral was in full force, and sang majestically. When I write that they sang Mendelssohn's "How lovely are the Messengers," and Stainer's "How beautiful upon the Mountains," besides the full choral service of communion, with a glorious Sanctus, and Gloria in Excelsis, you will wish that you could have heard this perfection of church music, devotional and soul-stirring.

Since Bishop McIlvaine was  
*WILKINSON.* taken from us, I have heard no such sermon as this. It was distinguished by power of Scriptural exposition, grandeur of thought, and boldness and courage in speaking truth, even if unwelcome. It arraigned the Church of England for worldliness, for compromising with error, for want of consciousness that it was part of the kingdom of Christ, a kingdom present, warring and sure to conquer. The preacher was the Rev. G. A.

Wilkinson, vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London. His text was Ezek. xvi. 60.

He traced the history of the Church of England briefly, v. 3, "Thy birth and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite. No eye pitied thee. But when I passed by, I said unto thee, *Live*"—a Church providentially raised up, and yet, although strengthened and adorned (see verses 10-14) by Jehovah, so that "thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty," this Church had quailed before her enemies. He pleaded for the exercise of authority, for the enforcement of obedience, for the ceasing of all efforts to shirk difficult questions, for repentance and a revived consciousness of the power of Christ in His visible kingdom. It lifted one's soul. It carried one away from the dangers that surround the Church of England. In the enthusiasm of his trust in Christ and the kingdom of the Lord, one was compelled to feel the Rock beneath us, against which no floods beat, except to be dashed in pieces by the very violence of their onsurging.

The offertory was made for the new Diocese which is to be cut out of the present Diocese of Lichfield, and is to help in the care of that district

crowded by operatives. The offerings were presented by about fifty collectors, who brought up their little scarlet bags, and laid them on the alms basin. Such was the weight that it required three persons to hold the great gold basin with its treasures, and replace it on the Holy Table!

CONSECRATION.

During the act of consecration all the Bishops stood round the candidates and the Archbishop, who was seated in his chair in front of the Holy Table, whilst the *Veni Creator Spiritus* was being sung by the choir; and all laid their hands on the newly elected.

There seemed to be no thought of restricting the communion. Eight Bishops at a time served the crowd; and as far as I could estimate, at least 1,000 persons communed. The service, commencing with the ante-communion, continued four and a half hours.

## V.

### THE VENERABLE SOCIETY.

*London.*

THE Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts made good use of the presence of our Bishops. More than one hundred and seventy-five years ago that Society, the parent of all Protestant missionary societies, was founded for the purpose of furthering the Gospel, and fostering the Church in the Colonies of America. How well those foundations were laid, none could better testify than the Bishops of the Church which has been builded on them. The Venerable Society counted on our advocacy, and had a right to take advantage of it; nor did it reckon in vain. All of our Bishops were engaged, and willingly, in this good cause. Every reasonable opportunity was seized by the indefatigable secretaries; Rev. Mr. Bullock being foremost. Nor did our labors cease from June until October, until the last of the visitors had bidden farewell to England.

*THE S. P. G.* Our introduction to an English audience was at Oxford, in a meeting arranged in the interests of this Society. It was held in the hall of the University, called the Sheldonian Theatre, where Degrees are conferred by that distinguished Faculty. The Bishop of Oxford presided. In a few, warm-hearted words, he greeted his transatlantic brethren. It fell to my lot, as the oldest of our Bishops present, to respond: and

*THE OXFORD MEETINGS.* also to speak on the following resolution: "That the multiplication of religious divisions furnishes additional reasons for Churchmen throughout the world to draw more closely the bonds of unity among themselves." In the course of my remarks, I said, naturally, that I regarded the Church of England as the bulwark not only of Protestantism, but in this age as the bulwark of Christianity. And then, quite innocently (for I did not at that time know how serious had been the changes wrought by the University Bill), I added, "believing in my heart that here in Oxford, and in Cambridge, is the fountain of the Truth, which is to be accepted in all parts of the world, I pray, above all, that God will keep these Universities pure and steadfast in the faith as it is in Christ Jesus, and

that they may be forever a fountain of living water, watering the whole face of the earth."

The peculiarly loud cheers that followed this sentiment, whilst indicating a general acquiescence, showed also that I had touched a vexed question. At the close of the meeting, the Bishop of Oxford delicately alluded to the subject, and opened our eyes (in the case of some of us, for the first time,) to the imminent danger, that these Universities will be divorced from the Church of England, and from the guardianship of that Truth for the sake of which they were founded and endowed. Bishop Lyman, of North Carolina, ably seconded the resolution.

Subsequently, Bishop Perry, of Iowa, spoke on a kindred topic. In the evening, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania spoke.

On the 27th, at London, the formal reception of the Bishops from the United States, and from the Colonies, occurred, under the auspices of the Venerable Society. It was inaugurated by a solemn service in St. Paul's, at which the Lord Bishop of Ripon preached. We know him best as Bickersteth; the worthy representative of that honored name. It was a treat to hear the

*THE LORD BISHOP  
OF RIPON.*

Gospel so thoroughly set forth. It is rather rare. With admirable distinctness and discrimination, he gave an outline of the whole scheme of Evangelical truth, as the only ground for missionary work, and the basis of all real hopes for its success.

In the evening, at the Westminster Hotel, a meeting was held under the Presidency of the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, at which each of our American Bishops was introduced, and each gave a brief account of his Diocese.

*CONVERSAZIONE.*

Of course, I took the opportunity to speak of Ohio's indebtedness to English liberality for the foundation of Kenyon College and Bexley Hall, under the advocacy of Bishop Chase and Bishop McIlvaine. I take to myself some credit for self-restraint, that notwithstanding the aptness of the occasion, no allusion was made to the desirableness of a continuation of English gifts to consolidate and complete what they had so well begun. Many earnest words were spoken by our Bishops; and some playful remarks lightened the hour. Among other amusing incidents, it was stated by the Bishop of Colorado, that the Colorado bug, of which the English have such a genuine horror, was not at all a native of his Diocese; and that the



specimens shown at Oxford had come—one from North Carolina; one from Missouri, and the others from New Mexico or South America; none nearer than a 1,000 miles to Colorado.

At the close of the evening, our American Minister, Mr. John Welsh, was called upon by the Chairman, in very complimentary terms, and responded most happily. The hearty reception given him proved how thoroughly he had already won public confidence and respect.

*THE LONDON  
MEETINGS.*

Friday, the 28th, was devoted to public meetings held in St. James' Hall. At these meetings the Colonial Bishops presented the condition and claims of their several fields. One who listened to these stories of mingled success and trial, had every emotion of his heart stirred; joy and thankfulness, sympathy and grief followed each other in quick succession; but over them all, the result of sober review and comparison, faith and hope prevailed.

At the morning meeting, Bishop Schereschewsky, of our Mission in China, gave a vivid picture of the work accomplished there. Some English Churchmen were evidently astonished to learn that our labors had preceded that of the Church of England; and that, according to ancient precedents,

*A BISHOP IN  
SHANGHAI.*

an English Bishop officiating to native converts in Shanghai, could not regard himself otherwise than as intruding on a Missionary Diocese already supplied by an Episcopal Head. The facts were stated by the Bishop of Shanghai; but the inference was left undrawn. Our brethren were not slow, however, in noting it. He also stated that the Bible had been translated into the Mandarin dialect, and thus put within the reach of 300,000,000

*TRANSLATION  
INTO MANDARIN.*

of the human family. So modestly was the statement made, that no one would have dreamed that he had any part in this noble achievement. Another speaker lifted the veil, and told the story of Dr. Schereschewsky's sixteen years' residence in Peking, and the wonderful skill which he had now attained as a scholar of Chinese classics.

*AMERICAN  
MISSIONS.*

At the morning meeting, Bishop Bedell read a paper on the Foreign Missions, and at the afternoon meeting Bishop Littlejohn read one on the Domestic Missions of our Church; both papers having been prepared by request of the S. P. G., in order to acquaint English Churchmen with the missionary labors of the sister Church beyond the sea.

*ABBEY SERMON.*

In the evening of this memorable day, the ancient Abbey of Westminster opened its nave for a sermon dedicated to the recollections of the work of the S. P. G., by the Bishop of Pennsylvania. As the successor of our first Bishop, the venerable White, it was eminently fitting that he should commemorate those labors of the Society which led to our reception of an independent Episcopacy. I need hardly add, that the task was well fulfilled; and the story eloquently told, of missions in the Colonies, which ended in the establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

*S. P. G. SERMONS  
ELSEWHERE.*

On one Sunday, it is said that seventy sermons in behalf of the Venerable Society were preached in its interest in and near London. My own appeals were made at Canterbury, at various churches in London, at Farnham, at Edinburgh, and in Switzerland. The pleasant story was often told, and ought never to be forgotten; how, because of the fostering care of this Society, a little one became a thousand, and a small one a strong national Church, growing and enlarging until its borders are now co-extensive with our great country, and its Dioceses number sixty-two. At every opportunity I

urged that letters of commendation should be given by pastors to those English Churchmen who were intending to emigrate to our country; and should be applied for and used by them, as an introduction to some Bishop or pastor on our side of the ocean; for our Church is constantly losing immigrant members who belong to it, because they do not make themselves known to us, whilst these members of our household of faith are being deprived of privileges to which they have every right, because of their ignorance that a Daughter of the Church of England is waiting to greet them on our shores.

I heard of, but did not hear, and therefore can not record, sermons in this interest which were

*THE BISHOPS'*           preached by Bishops Coxe, Ker-  
*PREACHING.*       foot, Wilmer, Robertson, Spald-  
                              ing, and Howe, besides those who

have been already named; and, as of special interest, an address by Bishop Clarkson at the missionary meeting at Salisbury. Certainly our Bishops were not idle during these weeks of their Canterbury pilgrimage; nor was there any lack of grateful willingness to return, as far as earnest advocacy could avail, our Church's obligation to the England of the 18th century, and to the Venerable Society which was its almoner.

## VI.

### CANTERBURY.

#### *The Deanery, Canterbury.*

AT last we have reached the old home of Bertha, and the ancient seat of Augustine, the Archbishop. The Very Reverend the Dean, Payne Smith, who entertained us, is the worthy successor of Alford in learning, although *Oriental* learning is his specialty. His deanery is the quaintest of quaint old abbey ruins—the prior's house restored. The chambers

*A PRIOR'S HOUSE.* and corridors go wandering along; here opening into a

fine library, there into a beautiful modern drawing-room; then, up a stairway into a quiet suite of rooms with mullioned windows, embowered in ivy and adorned with rose vines and clematis, fit for a bride; then, at an angle, into a tower where a hermit might find the solitude he desires, whilst he looks out on silent ruins, or up to the gilt fingers of the cathedral clock, which mark, but do not utter, the passing hours. Then by a few more steps, on one side is another tower where the young

ladies of the family have their boudoir, and on the other a corridor, which runs above the ancient cloisters of the monks, and on this corridor are our rooms. On one side we look out upon a modern garden, English-wise, a rich turf interspersed with patches of flowers and ferns; on the other we see a public park where the boys are at play at cricket, and, close to it, a part of the ruined priory, perfectly imbedded in ivy; and rising just beyond it the exquisitely beautiful pointed gothic, square, and pinnaced tower of Canterbury Cathedral. Oh, how beautiful a scene it is!

The deanery garden is bounded by the ancient wall of the city. The crenelated top is still perfect, where once soldiers sheltered themselves whilst kindling their match-locks before taking a chance shot through the embrasures: and the soldiers' walk, within the battlements and below the top, sufficiently sheltered, still remains, now turned into a promenade where young men and maidens stroll to overlook the movements of the garden parties at the Dean's. In the still older days, these Norman walls bristled with cross-bows and archers' arrows. They take us back in memory to the conquest. Going through the veritable old postern gate, we come to the front of St. Augus-

tine's. There was an old feud between the Abbot of St. Augustine's and the Prior of Canterbury. It was settled not very long ago. I could not

*ST. AUGUSTINE'S  
SCHOOL.*

learn the merits of the case. But there is a fair rivalry still between the picturesqueness of the views which belong to the two. Behind the new buildings of St. Augustine's Missionary School (buildings not more than two or three hundred years old, the newer being built in strict accord with the style and material of the older) are the ruins of hospice and sanctuary and abbey, which date long ago, some of them as early as Bertha and Ethelbert; perhaps earlier. As you look through the Warden's window, within a frame of grand oak branches you can see an arch. It is all that remains of the gateway which led up to the church where Bertha worshipped. It is supposed that the present St. Martin's is the successor of that church. It has been restored, and is certainly a most curious relic of the past. Somewhere between St. Martin's and St. Augustine's, Bertha and Ethelbert and Augustine were buried, and many another who have a place in English Church history. Their graves are not now to be seen. Armies have passed over the places, and, what is far more disas-

trous to sacred relics, iconoclasts and Cromwells have made havoc with monuments that were dear to Canterbury and to the Church.

*CON. MEMOR.  
HORATIO.*

On the morning of St. Peter's Day, the annual Commemoration of St. Augustine's Missionary College took place.

College took place.

This college is built upon the site of St. Augustine's Monastery, and includes all of that ancient structure which has been preserved. The property was purchased by Mr. Beresford Hope, and presented by him to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in trust for a Mission College in connection with the Church of England. The service alluded to is intended both to commemorate the founders of the college, and the missionaries who go forth from it. It is deeply impressive. Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, preached the sermon; eloquent, suggestive, replete with historical allusions and college reminiscences.

*DINNER IN  
THE HALL.*

After these services, the Bishops, clergy, and other visitors dined with the Warden and Mr. Beresford

Hope in the Commons Hall, occupying a table on the dais, whilst the students sat at tables "below the salt." It was of deep interest to see so many



young men gathered together, whose lives were devoted to missions. They are educated here at comparatively small cost. The term of study seemed to us too brief; averaging only two years. But the men have proved useful and courageous.

A pleasant custom is observed here. Along the corridor on which the students' rooms open, at the corner of each bay, are inscribed the names of graduates who have gone into the field, after occupying that set of chambers. So that, as you walk along, you may read a memorial of missionary men, many of whom have already become familiar to the Church by their devoted deeds.

The great event of the day was yet to come. Early in the afternoon, throngs began to gather at the Cathedral. For the Archbishop had appointed

*CANTERBURY  
CATHEDRAL.*

to receive the Bishops in his own church, and had promised to address them from Augustine's chair. The ceremony was majestic. The Cathedral, Christ Church, is one of the most glorious of these sacred edifices. Its style is a rich, early gothic. The nave is grandly proportioned. Columns rise on each side, dividing it from the aisles, and towering toward heaven. By stone steps you ascend from the nave to the choir.

The choir is a church in its own proportions, and will seat 1,000 people. At the east end of the choir, by another series of marble steps and broad platforms, you ascend toward the Holy Table. On the second of these platforms the stone chair of St. Augustine had been placed, and around it were seats for the visiting Bishops. On the north side of the Cathedral are the cloisters, covered passages opening on a square of velvet turf, on which you look through arches supported on low gothic columns. On the inner side of the cloister the Chapter-house opens. In the Chapter-house Bishops and clergy were gathered;

*PROCESSION.* twenty Bishops or more, and sixty or seventy clergy. The choir boys and men began to pass along the cloister chanting joyously. Then the clergy followed, also in surplices; and then the Bishops in their robes added to the movement. Lastly, the Archbishop appeared, supported by the Bishop of Winchester. And then the arches began to ring with the triumphant hymn of the white-robed throng. The scene, as we entered the west door, can never be forgotten. The whole length of the nave was filled by the procession, and the boys were already ascending the marble steps into the choir when the Archbishop reached the door;

whilst along the arches, and reverberating against the fretted roof, until the whole vast temple was resonant with sacred song, the Psalm was ringing :

“I was glad when they said unto me,  
We will go into the House of the Lord.”

When the Archbishop took his seat in the stone chair of St. Augustine, surrounded by a crowd of

*HIS GRACE  
THE ARCHBISHOP.*

Bishops from all parts of the world, and by a throng of devout people filling every spot in the choir and transepts, the scene may well be declared full of grandeur. No such scene has been witnessed in Protestant England since the Reformation. The influence of his words will not soon pass away from the sympathizing hearts of those who listened to them. Twelve hundred and fifty years separated Augustine and himself, and yet through all that long interval—1,250 years, think of it—the Church of England had been preserved amidst troubles and trials and disasters. There were the two signs of this continuous life: the gray stone chair, and the grave figure of the Archbishop. Perhaps you can imagine the impressiveness of the scene. It is not to be adequately described. Back of us was the

Lady's Chapel, marking the inroads of Romanism ; close behind the Lord's Table was the tomb of Thomas à Becket ; near it the tomb of the Black Prince, over which are still hanging the remnants of his chain coat, his helmet, and his steel gloves. Around us were tombs upon tombs of Archbishops, and Bishops, and great men of English history ; above us, the vaulted roof of the old Norman choir restored ; about us, the later transepts of early gothic ; and beyond us, the tracery of the beautiful roof of the nave in pointed gothic, stretching away hundreds of feet toward the great west window, through which the afternoon sun was sending softened rays. And around the Archbishop were representative Bishops from countries that cover the whole earth, showing to what proportion the old root of Anglican Christianity had grown. When you add to this the impression of psalms chanted by hundreds of trained voices, and anthems reverberating through aisles and arches, you will get an idea of an incident in the Church's life which will live in the memory of all who were privileged to share it. Surely it may take its place in history as a golden link between the past and the certain future, the triumph-time of the Church. One of the most striking passages in this address,

*THE ADDRESS.* was that in which he welcomed the members of the Conference to "Christ Church, Canterbury;" not to the Church of St. Peter or St. Paul; although such a dedication might have been expected from the Archbishop who came hither 1,250 years ago from Rome; nor to the Church of St. Mary or St. Pancras. He who came here to preach Christianity knew nothing of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; of the Infallibility of the Pope, nor of the devotions of the Sacred Heart. Gregory sent Augustine that he might mark England with the name of CHRIST.

When the Archbishop welcomed the Bishops from the United States, and tried to thank them for attentions showed to his son, his voice failed him, and he closed his address. Our sympathies supplied the rest, and many a tear responded to the father's grief.

On Sunday, the 30th of June, the Bishop of Montreal preached in the morning in the cathedral, and Bishop Stevens in the afternoon. Bishop Bedell preached in the Church of St. Gregory, one of the parish churches, in the evening. All these sermons were in the interest of the S. P. G.

Bishop Stevens "described the living forms of

the Church in language harmonizing completely with that of our best divines, showing a strong conviction of the Divine mission of the Church, without any attempt to magnify the merely human side of its organization."

*HOOKER'S CHURCH  
AND HOME.*

On Monday of this week Dean Smith drove us out to Bishop's-bourne (originally Bishop's-burn, or brook), where the "judicious Hooker" lived and ministered. The parsonage is now in hands which have made it, as well as the grounds around it, very attractive (Rev. Mr. Hurst). We saw the old parish record book, in which are many records that bear Richard Hooker's signature. One of the records has lost its signature—cut out of the book by some visiting vandal. Some travellers have yet to learn that stealing is not condoned by a thirst for curiosities. We saw the library, too, where, as I suppose, he wrote the Ecclesiastical Polity; and we walked beside the hedge of yew which he nurtured. It is said to be 300 years old. I could not reach with my umbrella to within six feet of the top. It must, therefore, be more than twelve feet high; it is twelve feet wide, and so thick that men walk on the top to trim it, and in doing so, we were told, they do not sink in more than a

few inches. Returning, our party, consisting of Bishop and Mrs. Stevens, and Bishop and Mrs. Perry and their niece, with the Dean and ourselves and the rector and his wife, were very handsomely entertained at lunch by Mr. Tattersall and his family. They are leading members of the Church, and greatly useful in the parish. Their estate is charmingly situated and highly cultivated. Their halls are adorned with choice specimens of art.

Leaving the house, a heavy rain came on, for which most of the party were unprepared. Consequently, as we were in an open drag, those "Canterbury pilgrims" came back to the deanery well-drenched.

## VII.

### THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

*London.*

THE first meetings of the Conference have passed. Archbishops, Primates, Metropolitans, and Bishops, representing the Churches of England, Ireland, Scotland, the United States, and the Colonies of the Empire, assembled at the chapel in Lambeth Palace on the second day of July, 1878. In this chapel our first Bishops were consecrated. It is historical for us. One hundred Bishops were present during the sessions.

*THE  
CONFERENCE.*

At eleven o'clock on this day, the Bishops enjoyed the privilege of Holy Communion together; the Archbishop of York preached the sermon. After lunch, provided in Lambeth Palace, the Conference assembled in the Library, under the presidency of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop Lee, of Delaware, the eldest of our Bishops present, has acted as our Chairman, and on several occasions as our representative. Upon



all important topics our Bishops were heard ; and in all the Committees they have a share.

The proceedings were "apart." I am not at liberty to report them, except as they may be inferred from final action. But the following account appeared in the English papers, leading to an impression that reporters are ubiquitous. The report is not authoritative, yet it is not very wide of the truth, and you may take it for what it is worth :

THE  
PROCEEDINGS.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his opening address, said, that among the subjects that came before the Conference one stood pre-eminent in importance—that which related to the best modes of meeting the prevalent infidelity of the day. The subject discussed on the first afternoon was, *The Best Mode of Maintaining Union among the various Churches of the Anglican Communion*. Bishop Perry was one of the speakers. After some discussion, the subject was referred to a Committee, which course was taken with all the subjects that came before the Conference. The subject on Wednesday morning was, *Voluntary Boards of Arbitration*. The Bishop of Delaware took part in this discussion. The subject for the afternoon was, *The Relation to*

each other of *Missionary Bishops and of Missionaries in various Branches of the Anglican Communion acting in the same Country*. The subject was opened by Bishop Schereschewsky, and among the speakers who followed were Bishop Stevens and Bishop Bedell. On Thursday morning the subject was, *The Position of Anglican Chaplains and Chaplaincies on the Continent of Europe and elsewhere*. Among the speakers were the Bishops of Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Long Island. The subject on Thursday afternoon was, *Modern Forms of Infidelity, and the Best Methods of Meeting them*. The Bishop of Ohio introduced the subject. No other Bishop from the United States took part in the discussion. Among the speakers were the Bishops of Peterborough (Magee), Lincoln (Wordsworth), Oxford (Mackarness), Gloucester and Bristol (Ellicott), Winchester (Browne), and the Archbishop of York (Thompson). The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of Bishop Ellicott's speech on this occasion: 'Though other speakers were more eloquent, it was almost universally acknowledged that Bishop Ellicott's speech was, where all were so good, the best. Commencing very quietly, there was nothing in his manner or style to lead the foreign Bishops to anticipate a great speech; but as he dissected

the various forms of infidelity, and showed the most intimate acquaintance with the prevalent skepticism, not only in England, whether among the educated or ignorant classes, but all over the world, the attention of the synod was chained ; and in an eloquent peroration he protested against the unfaithfulness and timidity which would permit any to think that in this age, as in others, God's arm was shortened, and that His truth would not ultimately triumph over the wave of infidelity, of which he thought we had already seen the worst.' "

In any report of this remarkable discussion, which assumes to be at all accurate, the wonderful speech of the Bishop of Killaloe (Ireland) must not pass unnoted. Quiet and extempore, it was yet so terse, lucid, logical, and forceful, as to secure most marked attention. The Bishop of Bombay is not mentioned in the foregoing sketch. He threw great light on the particular forms in which modern objections present themselves to young men, illustrating it by his own experiences at the university. The whole discussion was instructive.

"The last subject on the programme was, *The Condition, Progress, and Needs of the various Churches of the Anglican Communion*. This was introduced by the Bishop of Delaware. A large

number of Bishops took part in the discussion; from the United States, the Bishops of Western New York, Pittsburg, Ohio, Central Pennsylvania, Albany, and Iowa. The Conference then adjourned to July 22d, to give the Committees time to prepare their reports."

The Committees embrace all the members of the Conference. They are to sit during the intervening fortnight, and to present their reports at the second series of sessions in the last week of July.

*SOCIALLY.* During the Conference all the Bishops from the United States have been hospitably entertained by the Bishops, or clergy and laity of the Church of England. Two social events have happened of much interest. The first was the Lord Mayor's annual dinner to the Bishops, to which all the Archbishops and Bishops in London were invited. At this magnificent entertainment in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, almost all our Bishops were present; and in reply to the toast proposed by the Lord Mayor, referring to the United States and our Bishops, Bishop Potter, the eldest present, responded.

The second event was a reception given by our American Minister, Mr. Welsh, on the Fourth of July, to the Americans in London; at which time

almost all of our Bishops and their families paid their respects to the representative of our Government.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the well-known philanthropic lady, gave an entertainment on the same evening, to which all the American Bishops, with their wives, were invited. A crowd of notable English people and foreigners were also there. It was a distinguished company, and afforded us an opportunity of seeing, and of making some acquaintance with men whose names are passing into history.

The Lord Mayor's dinner may have a more extended notice; for it is an annual public event.

*LORD MAYOR'S  
DINNER.*

An entertainment at the Mansion House is given by the representatives of the city of London and its guilds, to the Bishops. It was our good fortune to be in London at the time, and more than ordinary interest was given to this occasion by the presence of so many Bishops from all parts of the world. Eighty of them were present, and the guests numbered nearly 400. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress received their guests at the head of the long hall. They were gorgeously apparelled, and on either side stood the mace-bearer, and the sword-bearer, of the city of London, vieing with each other in the

quaintness and glory of their bedightment. Each guest was announced by the Master of Ceremonies, and queer work enough he made of some of our titles. For it is not to be supposed that he had ever heard before of many of the colonial bishoprics, certainly not of many of our new territories. The slight difference between Iowa and Ohio puzzled him greatly, and not he alone has been puzzled at it. The new pronunciation of Haiti troubled him. Fortunately the Bishop of Shanghai gave his title, not his name, or he would have abandoned his office in despair. But Pennsylvania capped the climax, for he announced it as the "Lord Bishop of Pennsil-vaah-neh-ar." But we got safely through this ordeal, and followed the Lord Mayor into the Egyptian Hall. Certainly, it was an extraordinary and a gorgeous sight. The hall is magnificent; a lofty arched ceiling is supported on rich marble columns, the walls lined with mirrors, and everywhere it is bright with gold and luminous with crimson. Within the range of columns the tables were spread, loaded with gold and silver and flowers and viands, and surrounded by lacqueys clad in every color of the rainbow, many with powdered hair. The room is so large that a face could not be distinguished half-way

down it. The high table, at which the Lord Mayor sat in the centre, reached the whole length, and at least eight tables extended across the hall from it, like the teeth of a comb (pardon the comparison). At these sat the numerous guests.

His Grace the Archbishop of York sat at the left of the Lady Mayoress, and opened the after-dinner speeches; but neither he nor those who followed could be heard, except by persons near at hand. Fortunately, Bishop Potter had arrived a day or two previously, and therefore I was spared the distress of replying to the toast in compliment to the American Bishops, which had been at one time assigned to me. But either the Toast-Master had gone a little astray in geography, or the Lord Mayor gracefully intended to ignore a trifling political event which happened in 1776, for he coupled the Bishops from the Colonies and the Bishops from the United States together, as both equally related to England. However, Bishop Potter very judiciously took it as an intended compliment. The wife of each Bishop was invited, and, indeed, there were nearly as many ladies as gentlemen at the table. The band complimented us by playing our national airs during a portion of the time.

## VIII.

### THE INTERVAL.

*London.*

DURING the fortnight that will intervene, between the first and final sessions of the Conference, the Bishops will be busy on Committees. Some of these combine enjoyment with business, holding their meetings where the members are entertained, at one or other of the Episcopal palaces, amidst rural delights. As it happens, the Committee with which my lot is cast meets at Lambeth, consequently I must not be far from London. During this interval, our Bishops especially, and the Colonial Bishops generally, are to be working for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Among the sixty or seventy sermons preached on Sunday, July 7, were two in St. Paul's Cathedral, by Bishop Doane, who preached in the morning, and Bishop Stevens in the afternoon, to crowded congregations. I preached in the morning at the Kensington parish church, part of the old Lambeth parish, for Archdeacon Fischer.



*NAVE OF  
ST. PAUL'S.*

In the evening I had the privilege of preaching in the nave of St. Paul's, to an immense congregation.

Canon Gregory said that at least six thousand were present. The nave below the dome, and the choir, were filled, and the crowd of people extended from the dome half-way to the great entrance-door in front. It was an occasion not to be lost, and never to be forgotten. As one stands in the pulpit surrounded by such a crowd of eager upturned faces, emotions are almost overwhelming. What an opportunity for the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. No language can sufficiently express the gratitude due to the wisdom and thoughtfulness of that Dean, who set the example of thus utilizing this once comparatively useless nave, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. It is now an established institution. Three or four thousand worship here every Sunday morning, four or five thousand every Sunday afternoon, five or six thousand every Sunday evening. In the evening the choir is voluntary, and the music strictly congregational. Seventy young men formed the choir on this evening; and the burst of song from the great throng, led by these strong, manly voices, and sustained by the grand organ, was soul-stirring.

JB

## IX.

### SOCIAL LIFE.

#### *Fulham Palace.*

WE were entertained by the Lord Bishop of London during the first week of the Conference. His residence is beautifully situated on the Thames, about four miles above the Parliament House and Lambeth. The grave Bishop of Chester, and the mirthful Bishop of Peterborough — the one as learned as he is grave, the other as eloquent as he is mirth-provoking — were choice companions at Fulham. The palace dates far back in the ecclesiastical history of England. The site itself is within the fortifications which Danish sea-kings raised, to defend themselves and their ill-gotten spoil from the vengeance of the Britons. We were familiar with this lovely spot, for we were guests of the present Archbishop when he was Bishop of London, at the Conference held eleven years ago. Its delightful associations had not faded, and were now freshened by charming hospitality.

*THE CONSUL-  
GENERAL.*

On Saturday of this week, Gen. Badeau invited the American Bishops and their families to a Garden Party at his country house. The American Minister, with many distinguished English friends, honored the occasion. Tents were pitched upon the lawn. English hedge-rows, brilliant flowers, agreeable company, and an attentive host, produced a very enjoyable afternoon.

*FARNHAM  
CASTLE.*

Farnham Castle, Surrey, was built in the reign of King Stephen, about 1136, by his brother, Henry De Blois, Bishop of Winchester. We have often heard Bishop McIlvaine speak of the scenery environing this old castle, and its romantic interest. We are enjoying both of them to-day, through the hospitality of the present Bishop of Winchester, well known to theological students as Harold Browne, and by his book on the Articles. He occupies at present a leading position in the Church of England by his learning, wisdom, and geniality. His advice is deemed of great weight, and it is understood that he influences the counsels of the Church.

Farnham certainly possesses great attractions. It has been a Bishop's residence for many cen-

turies. In the earlier days a warlike Bishop had his seat here, and no doubt used to good purpose the defences, if not the offences, of the old baronial castle. For in Cromwell's day it had its keep, and portcullis, and double moat, and intricate stone passages, and stone stairs, and covered ways, and possibly dungeons. But Cromwell ordered it to be destroyed; and, as the English say, "it was considerably knocked about" in those days. The Bishop, whoever he may have been, relinquished it to the king, and Cromwell, of course, made it indefensible. After the return of Charles II., he restored it to the Bishop, and renewed the interior by old oak-work, which is now in perfect preserva-

*THE KEEP.* tion, and very beautiful. The upper walls of the keep were thrown in-

ward, and the mass of ruin accumulated, until quite a late date. Bishop Sumner did much to restore its beauty. Some one, possibly he, made a flower-garden on top of the ruins of the old keep; and now, on the summit of these ivy-covered walls, and above the heaps of ruins, are walks amidst flowers and sweet shrubs, overlooking a country noted for its fertility, and the ancient village of Farnham, a fine specimen of old English quaintness.

This parish is noted for its successful cultivation

of hops. As we look round on the fields, from the keep, they remind us of our own corn-fields. The vines are planted about as closely as Indian corn, and in similar rows. But as the roots are not disturbed, the fields bear the same aspect from year to year. The Bishop mentioned a fact, entirely new to me, that many of these hop vines are as old as the days of good Queen Bess, and have been in bearing ever since. The age, and constant, careful cultivation, account for the extraordinary yield of this township. Thirty pounds per acre is not considered too much to lay out on the soil and vines, and £50 per acre is not considered too much to expect in net profits. An acre often yields in gross £100! But a grand, deep, diapason note comes at this moment from the old bell in the ancient tower of the parish church, far below us, and recalls me from the world.

The dining-room is one of those baronial halls which you read of in books. I suppose that two hundred might be seated here at table, with room to spare. The fire-place is gigantic; the mantel-shelf could be reached only by a Titan; and the Christmas yule-log might blaze upon the hearth while still leaving space, I ween, for Santa Claus to come

*THE DINING HALL.*

down the chimney with his pack on his shoulder, without singeing his fur cloak. But, I had forgotten, that, alas! for English children, Santa Claus and Chris Kingle are Germans; nevertheless, there would be space enough in Farnham Hall for any Christmas giant to make merry, whoever and however great he be. Along the right side, above the fire-place, runs a gallery, where guests coming up from the porch might have seen the revels in olden times; and at the further end, over where the dais might have been, is another gallery, on which the grand stairway terminates above, from which the ladies, as they were leaving the banqueters, could have overseen and checked them at their wine.

*THE PRIVATE  
CHAPEL.*

Like all the residences of the Bishops which we have seen, Farnham has its private chapel; a sacred, quiet spot for daily devotions, where the family household gather for morning and evening prayer. It is also used by the Bishop for some ecclesiastical occasions. I was present in this chapel on one evening, as the twilight was gathering, when he admitted a Deaconess to her order. The service was simple, dignified, and deeply impressive. It could not fail of fixing on her heart the solemn duties and privileges of her office.

Aldershott is near to Farnham. It is the largest camp for the regular army. If it were not for the efforts of Christian philanthropy, many destitute children of soldiers' wives would be sad sufferers. We visited one of the Deaconess' houses, and found her surrounded by a group of merry toddling infants; she, a very house-mother to the little waifs.

*REVIEW AT  
ALDERSHOTT.*

We were fortunate enough to learn in time to see it, that a review of the troops was to be held by the Prince and Princess of Wales. When we arrived on the ground, a sham battle was in progress; a fearful amount of powder was used, and there was a frightful hurrying in hot haste of officers and men. Two or three regiments were advancing under cover up the hill, and more regiments were falling back above the hill, delivering and receiving fire. But the real thing was the "marching past." More than 20,000 men, thoroughly drilled, of all arms, were in the field. Cavalry, artillery, riflemen, infantry, went by by regiments; steady, heavily-treading, immaculate in equipment; lines as straight and true as an arrow. It was magnificent. They marched past twice. Then forming in solid squares in front of the Prince and

Princess, at a trumpet note, they advanced in line, halted, and gave the royal salute. It was the perfection of drill.

On Sunday I preached in the parish church, in the quaint old town, below the Castle.

*THE ELMS.* In the afternoon the villagers wander through the Bishop's grand old Park, and under an avenue of majestic elms, which extends for a mile and a half in a straight line from the Palace Garden gate. It is a peaceful scene, recalling many a pleasant tale of English pastoral life.

We bid good-bye to Farnham to become the privileged guests of Sir Harry Verney, at a venerable house, which has been in the family for more than four hundred years. It is situated about

*CLAYDON HOUSE.* twenty miles north-east of Oxford. If you are curious in such matters, you will find the names of Verney and Calvert, both being the names of this family, as members of the Long Parliament. You can trace them down as efficient men of the State, or the army, or the navy, all the way to the present. One commanded a regiment under Lord Cornwallis, and was taken prisoner at Yorktown, and was for two years at Winchester, Va. We have seen to-



day, in the hall, the colors of his regiment, which were carried through the Peninsula and at Waterloo; and standards taken by a son of the present Sir Harry Verney in the battles in India. So these old English homes are connected with English history from generation to generation. As you trace the changes in architecture or ornaments, or read the story of the family portraits, you have an illustrated history of this strange, eventful life of

*THE CHAPEL.* English dominion. The chapel of Claydon House is historical:

for it was spared from spoliation when Cromwell's orders ruthlessly destroyed almost all that was venerated and lovely in the houses of God. Here you see unmutilated effigies, and brass inscription plates in perfect preservation. Family influence within the staff of Cromwell protected even loyal Claydon. Here are three grand oaks—gnarled and knotted, but vigorous, their branches each a great tree, their trunks thirty feet in circumference—which have been landmarks on record for more than five hundred years. Here are fish ponds in the garden, from which the monks, before the Reformation, used to take their fast-day dinners. And here are trophies from battle-fields in all parts of the world. And in our circle to-day are an offi-

cer and his wife, who travelled once to India by a strange route. They went down the Danube, then from Varna to Constantinople, then along the Mediterranean to Aleppo, and by Diabeker to the Tigris, floated down that river on rafts made by inflated buffalo skins, passed the Garden of Eden, went on down the Euphrates, crossed into India, and joined their regiment in the Himalayas. By using the itineracies of such adventurous officers as these, England learns the practicable routes of the world. This particular officer, as earnest a Christian as he is an adventurous traveller, is a lay reader at his station, and his wife has a native school among the women, and teaches in the zenanas. Sir Harry himself is known for his activity in benevolence, and in the Church Missionary Society, and Lady Verney, not unknown in the literary world, is the sister of Florence Nightingale. I hope I do not violate any proprieties when such details are given. My object is to show how the hospitality which we are enjoying, introduces us into the heart of a society of which England may well be proud, charming alike by its intelligence, its piety, and its charities. We have been moving in such a circle ever since we set foot on English soil at Liverpool.

The other aspect of these experiences will show what a perpetual and delightful study of history we are engaged in. We are conversing here with the incidents of five hundred years, which carry us beyond the Long Parliament. We see a portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyck, in the drawing-room. Farnham Castle led us back to 1150. Canterbury carried us to 600. And at St. Paul's in the "Amen corner," Canon Gregory showed us part of the Roman wall of the ancient fortifications of the Roman city on the Thames, in the days of the Cæsars.

One of our pleasant afternoons here was spent in a drive across the "downs;" twelve or fifteen miles continuous driving over the pasture grounds of the several farms belonging to this large estate. Sir Harry, as vigorous as if he had not seen three-score, galloped his keen gray mare hither and thither across and around the fields, quite unsatisfied by the miles which we were measuring. How fresh and vigorous are these "fine old English gentlemen!" May it never be said of the race, they were "all of the olden time."

From Claydon House we passed to Cuddesdon,  
*CUDDESDON* Wheatley, where we are the guests  
*PALACE.* of the Lord Bishop of Oxford.  
 His brother is also a Bishop,—of

Argyll and the Isles—in the Scotch Episcopal Church. Cuddesdon is a sweet, quiet retreat in the midst of a thoroughly agricultural population. The bustle of University life at Oxford seems to be far away; although only six miles off. The Cowley fathers and their “head centre,” is not more than five miles away, just in the outskirts of Oxford. Close at hand is Wilberforce Theological College (so the present Bishop calls it), the lasting memorial, not alone of the energy and persistency of the late Bishop, but of his far-seeing conviction, that it was necessary for the Church of England to prepare for a more definite and wholesome education of her ministers than the Universities would give. Alas! that his foresight has been so soon realized. Already religious tests are abolished at the University; the Fellows (with a few exceptions) may be Jews, Turks, Infidels, or Heretics; and it is a debated question now whether a University Theological Professorship, strictly under Church of England influence, shall be permitted!

*WILBERFORCE  
COLLEGE.*

Cuddesdon College stands as the result of Bishop Wilberforce's foresight of a necessity. Theological students are now expected to gather here for preparation for orders. One year is the rule.

Two years are hoped for. But they have not yet reached our standard of three years. It has certainly surprised me, as it will surprise you, I have no doubt, to learn that the training given here, and in other like theological training-schools, can not compare in thoroughness with ours in Ohio, or in other American Theological Seminaries.

These English schools, as yet, are following us at a distance. We must take care that if they overtake, as I hope they will, they shall not overpass us in thoroughness of instruction.

A costly and ornate Chapel has been erected under the present Bishop, as a memorial of his predecessor. The buildings of Wilberforce College are ecclesiastically attractive; but are not altogether as well suited to the object as ours—Bexley Hall for example. Yet in one thing they have a great advantage over our arrangements and our system; for the students board together in commons, and form a community of their own.

*THE PARISH  
CHURCH.*

On Sunday we worshipped in the parish church, which lies close to the Garden of the Palace. Bishop Bedell preached in the morning; Bishop Littlejohn in the afternoon—a striking sermon on the “Kingdom of God,” and its actual triumphs.

The congregation, with the exception of the family of the Bishop, was composed of the agricultural classes. I was grieved to see so few men at either service; and the explanation did not lighten the sorrow. For Arch and his followers have been poisoning the minds of the working classes, and especially arraying them against the clergy. No one, who is not in the midst of the battle, can imagine in what various forms, and from how many different points, the attacks of infidelity and socialism are now directed against the Gospel, and the Church of England.

## X.

### THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE—THE FINAL SESSIONS.

*Lambeth.*

THE final sessions of the Conference at Lambeth occupied every day of this last week in July, 1878. Monday was devoted to the Colonial Bishops. It gave them an opportunity to represent, in detail, the condition, peculiarities, and needs of their several Dioceses. From Tuesday morning at ten until Friday night at seven, the Conference considered and acted on the reports of Committees. Of course entire freedom of speech was encouraged. Considerable difference of individual opinion appeared; but untrammelled discussion, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, led to entire unanimity of action.

*BISHOP LEE* On the second day of the first sessions, the Bishop of Delaware arrived; and, as the eldest member of our American Episcopate present, became our spokesman. The presence and counsels of this good and eminently wise man were a marked comfort to us, and a dis-

tinguished service to the Conference. I was in a position to hear from Prelates their opinion of his judgment; and it was of the highest. He spoke seldom; only when appealed to, or when an obvious necessity had arisen. During a discussion of moment, I remember, that after many statements and opinions had been expressed, the Archbishop of Canterbury turned to Bishop Lee, and said we should be very glad to learn what the Bishop of Delaware thinks. Such a reference to an individual opinion was seldom made during the Conference; and I mention it as indicating the respect which was paid to Bishop Lee's discretion.

“Not a word spake he more than was nede;  
And that was seyde in form and reverence,  
And shore and quike, and ful of high sentence,  
Souning in moral vertue was his speche.”

At the close, it was in order for the highest dignitary, or the eldest Bishop, of the several churches to express his sentiments as to the influence of the Conference, and the urbanity and tact of the presiding Archbishop. Certainly none of these speeches was more dignified, graceful, or weighty than that of Bishop Lee. It made a marked impression.



*THE PREACHER  
AT THE CLOSE.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury wished that one of the Bishops from the United States should preach the sermon at the close of the Conference, but left the appointment of preacher for their selection. Bishop Lee was unanimously chosen; but after some days' reflection he declined the honorable task. Then, on the motion of Bishop Potter, Bishop Stevens was unanimously selected. It was a very fitting choice, for, besides other considerations, he represents the venerated White.

*THE PRESIDENT.*

No view of the action of the Conference could approach completeness, without including a reference to the leading part taken by the Presiding Prelate. The Archbishop's power as organizer, and administrator, was felt on every hand, and at every moment. Without assumption of authority, yet watchful, prompt to suggest or guide, and marvellously cautious and judicious, much of the harmony that distinguished all our discussions, and the unanimity that crowned our conclusions, was due, under God, to his skill; courteous, urbane, sympathetic, and fraternal, he won our hearts.

*CLOSING SERVICE.*

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's placed their Cathedral

at the service of the Archbishop of the Southern Province and the Bishop of London, for the closing solemnities of the Conference. They accepted the courtesy, much to the general satisfaction. The Dean provided that all honor should be done to the occasion.

The Archbishop requested that the procession should enter the great west door. There he was met by the Canons, and on his entrance, the procession passed up the nave, through a throng of thousands of people. It was an imposing sight. Certainly nothing has been witnessed like it in the memory of the present St. Paul's.

Preceded by a choir of fifty men and boys, in white vestments, and by all the Cathedral clergy in surplices, ninety Bishops, gathered from every continent, entered the church. The Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, closed this remarkable procession. The service was musical; beginning with a *Te Deum*, after which the Holy

THE  
SERVICE.

Communion was administered. In this administration, both Bishops Lee and Potter took part, with Metropolitans.

The *Te Deum* and *Trisagion* were of a character to elevate every emotion. The celebrated organist of the Cathedral came back from the Paris

Exhibition, expressly to be present for the day. No one could mistake his skilful renderings; and his Hallelujah chorus at the end, given by the organ alone, realized thoroughly that sublime conception of the choring of angels, and the white-robed throng, in heaven.

*BISHOP STEVENS'*  
*SERMON.*

The sermon was worthy of the occasion. Bishop Stevens spoke with boldness, force, and wisdom. His suggestions were timely. His style, always musical, was peculiarly nervous and classical. His illustrations were never more apt.

He showed the unity of the Church, and the power which it is possible to develop by appreciating that unity. He alluded to the possibility that England might profit by the experience of the Irish Church, the Church in the United States, and many of the Colonial Churches, in introducing laymen into their Ecclesiastical Councils. He spoke of the necessity of mutual forbearance, whilst maintaining unity in essentials of the faith. He prophesied, not without reason, in the language of Milton, the future glories of the Church of England. And in closing, he paid a warm tribute of gratitude to the members of that Church, for their unbounded brotherly hospitality.

I think it will be pronounced by all who read it, a most fitting, powerful, and eloquent discourse.

As the Bishops gathered round the Archbishop in the vestry, after service, for a final leave-taking, he publicly thanked Bishop Stevens for his sermon, and requested a copy for deposit among the archives of the Conference, and for publication. Then with his good-bye terminated the Lambeth Conference of A.D. 1878.

## XI.

### DOINGS OF THE CONFERENCE.

*Lambeth.*

OF course it will not be possible to enter into details of the Conference in such a paper as this. They will soon be published under the authority of our President, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Nor is it quite time, nor will it be, until the Church has read the official record of those doings, to give even an individual estimate of the influence of the Conference. I confine myself, therefore, in this paper to the acts of these hundred Bishops.

*THE MODE.* The subjects agreed upon, previously to the meeting, were discussed in their order; four days being given to the six topics, in the first week of July. Each subject was introduced by written or extempore speeches, from speakers appointed several days before, so that the main points were distinctly opened at the commencement of each debate; and thereby not only was debate legitimately confined, but the subject was clearly comprehended. Each topic was

handed to a large committee at the close of the debate. These committees comprised representatives of all the Churches within the Anglican communion; our own Church having from one to four members in each committee, except in the Committee on Boards of Arbitration, which did not in any way concern us. During the succeeding two weeks these committees reconsidered the subject presented, and arrived at conclusions.

During the last week in July, the Conference met for five days; received the reports of committees in order; heard all suggestions without debate; and returned the subjects to committees for final revision. The final report of each committee was acted on as a whole.

I think you will perceive by this statement that due deliberation was secured; that the freest opportunity was given for an expression of all views; that ample comparison of opinions took place; and that the conclusions reached may fairly be said to represent the mind of this great assembly.

*CONCLUSIONS.*

*UNITY.* 1. *The best mode of maintaining union among the various Churches of the Anglican Communion.*

The principles of the existing unity were care-

fully stated. The elements of lawful diversity were as carefully described. A general council or synod was deemed impossible, in the present state of the Church; but it was deemed desirable that, at intervals, a Conference should be held; it was recognized as of great importance, that the duly certified action of each particular, or national Church, should be respected by all; that Diocesan authority should not be interfered with by other Bishops, and that Letters Dimissory should be in general use. Under particular suggestions, the subject of a Day of Intercession was considered; and Tuesday before Ascension Day, being a Rogation Day, or any one of the seven days following, was fixed upon. Also an important utterance was made on the subject of "Diversities in Worship;" for which I refer to the official paper.

*ARBITRATION.* 2. *Voluntary Boards of Arbitration for Churches to which such an arrangement may be applicable.*

As this subject is of no particular interest to our Church, to which it does not apply at all, I need not allude to the conclusions of the Conference.

*MISSIONS.* 3. *The relation to each other of Missionary Bishops, and Missionaries of*

*various branches of the Anglican Communion acting in the same country.*

On this subject I took a part in the deliberation, and felt a deep interest. It was that to which I alluded when last addressing our Convention. And I am happy to say, that the conclusions of the Conference are very satisfactory. In general they are—

1. That our Anglican Missionaries, when acting near each other among the heathen, shall arrange a Book of Common Prayer, which may be used by all.

2. That such Books, and all Versions of the Book of Common Prayer intended for Missionary use, before being considered as *authorized*, shall be submitted to a Board sitting in England, and a Board (to be appointed by our General Convention) sitting in the United States.

3. That if possible, hereafter, the sending of Bishops to posts already occupied by either Church, shall be avoided by every other; the object being (as I conceive) both to avoid conflicts of jurisdiction and waste of material.

These suggestions, if acted on, will, as it appears to me, sufficiently vindicate the wisdom of calling together this meeting of Bishops, and sufficiently reward all of us for the expenditure of time and money, in attending the Conference.



*CHAPLAINCIES.* 4. *The position of Anglican Chaplains and Chaplaincies on the Continent of Europe and elsewhere.*

On this topic the Bishop of Gibraltar and the Bishop of Long Island, who are respectively in charge of the chaplaincies of our two Churches on the Continent, conferred freely; and with the advice of the Committee, and Conference, some important results were reached. American and English chaplains in charge of voluntary congregations were recognized as of equal right, when the congregations consist of persons from both nations. Sympathy was expressed for the movements in Spain, and in Mexico, toward Reform within the limits of Apostolic Doctrine and Order.

*SCEPTICISM.* 5. *The nature of modern scepticism, and the best mode of meeting it.*

This important topic was ably discussed. More than one Bishop has said, both privately and publicly, that it was worth while for one to cross the Atlantic, or come from Australia, to listen to this debate. But no doubt the Church will be disappointed to learn that no report on this momentous subject could be given by the Conference. Not that there

was the slightest difference of opinion, for there was none; not that any fear was expressed of the prevalence or serious result of these new developments of infidelity, for there was neither; but simply because it was impossible, in the brief time allowed, to prepare an utterance that could satisfy. It is not unlikely that some of the papers, and perhaps the masterly speech of the Bishop of Killaloe, and one or two other papers, may be revised by their authors and given to the Church. A resolution was passed, but will not appear in the proceedings, suggesting that competent persons should take this grave subject in hand. Many members of the Conference felt, what we have felt in the United States, that a book was yet to be written, and was needed, which should place before the minds of young students the precise forms of modern objections, together with the precise answer to each objection. We are not without hope that one result of our Conference will be the production of such a book. There were men in the Library of Lambeth in July, who are entirely competent to grapple with this vitally important subject, and who, under the pressure of that discussion, and with the sense of responsibility then developed, may be induced to undertake the task.

*GENERAL.* 6. *A committee to receive questions submitted to them in writing by Bishops desiring the advice of the Conference.*

Under this head a committee suggested action on several topics:—The Old Catholics; The Armenians; The position of the Moravian Church; The provincial organization of the West Indian Dioceses; The Church in Haiti; A Board of Reference concerning Foreign Missions; Ritual; Enforced Confession.

As to the first five topics, general sympathy was expressed; but, referring to the errors against which the Old Catholics protest, particular sympathy was uttered, and a noble, clear, and outspoken declaration was made against Roman assumptions. A Board on Foreign Missions was suggested, to be formed by consultation between the authorities of our several Churches. As to Ritual, and Enforced particular Confession, an utterance was given which will reassure all loyal hearts.

It was decided *not* to issue an Encyclical Letter. I am the more express in this statement because the *Times*, not often inaccurate, states that such a Letter was issued, and gives the particulars. It is a mistake. The *Times*, however, has an important editorial on the Conference which ought to be cir-

culated in our country. As the *Times* always regards the direction of the wind of public opinion, you may take it for granted that on this side of the Atlantic, the Conference is regarded as a marked event, and an accomplished success.

## XII.

### SALISBURY.

FROM my quaint old English window in the Bishop's Palace, Salisbury Cathedral is seen in all its glorious beauty. It is difficult to make comparison when each object is unique, and although all belong to the same class, yet each possesses some features separating it from all the rest, and intrinsically attractive. But my impressions formed thirty years ago, are strengthened by this view to-day, and I place Salisbury Cathedral, for all in all, in its exterior attractions, as first. What is rare—it has a double transept; and also a perfect Chapter-house, and Lady Chapel. These last are frequently, but not invariably found. They belong to the most ancient structures; and this Cathedral dates back to A.D. 1250. All these buildings are in the old English form of Gothic; and out of the midst of the group rises a richly ornamented tower, crowned by a spire piercing the heavens. I know of no group so perfect; nor any spire which, in its proportions and ornament, seems so near to abso-

lute perfection. Then, besides, it has a noble cloister; very large, with all its clusters of columns entire. Above all, this majestic group of buildings is situated in a large open park, on which the town has not encroached; and from every point of it, except on the south-east (the side of the Bishop's Palace), one may get a distinct view of all its main features; and while lingering on each, may yet always terminate the vision with this heavenward enticing spire.

The interior of the Cathedral is still in process of renewal. The coating, which time and ill taste had given to the columns, is being taken off, and the rich marbles are brought out again, and polished. The coloring of the Lady Chapel does not please my eye. That of the choir is graver and softer. But as in both cases the coloring is somewhat of an experiment, it is too soon to speak of the ultimate effect. The screen or reredos behind the Lord's Table is of alabaster. You have already seen a description of it—fortunately, for it is entirely beyond the power of my pen. The design is to represent the principal figures of the Crucifixion. In the centre panel is the figure of our Lord on the cross; and on one side is the mother of our Lord, on the other St. John. "On either side are canopied

niches; in one, the two Marys; in the other, Joseph of Arimathea and the good centurion. Over the central figure is an arch, in which is the richest foliage intertwined with figures of angels. And above is a bold crocketed gable, carrying angels on pedestals, terminated by a grand finial, out of which rises a richly-carved cross." The carving is delicate, beyond anything which I have seen. It is the gift of Earl Beauchamp. The cost, \$9,000, will give some idea of the richness of art which is crowded into this space, 22 x 14 feet. Beautiful—but it verges too much on what one sees in Romish churches on the continent.

*SALISBURY  
PALACE.*

The Bishop's Palace is close to the Cathedral, opening on the same beautiful park. It is nearly as old as the Cathedral itself, and the more ancient parts form one of those old wandering houses which are my delight—not less delightful in this respect, although less quaint, than the deanery at Canterbury. Here the venerable and beloved occupant of the See, Dr. Moberly, so long Head-Master at Winchester, dispenses most pleasant hospitality, in the midst of a charming family. He retains his vigor of thought and action as well as his noted gentleness of disposition. The garden near the

house is laid out in the Italian style. On the further side, a little stream goes wandering slowly; and beyond it, crossing by rustic bridges, you find a pleasant mead, and groups of old gnarled oaks. These are refreshing spots for wearied Bishops.

*SALISBURY  
THEOLOGICAL  
SCHOOL.*

The Bishop showed me his buildings for a Diocesan Divinity School. They are admirably arranged. Profiting on his own experience as a teacher, his Theological College is in every respect convenient and attractive for students. Unfortunately for me, it was not term time.

*STONE-HENGE.*

The Bishop drove with us to see the famous Druid Circle. It is said to be the most perfect specimen extant. As it has been so often described by travellers, I will not inflict on you a delineation of this monument of a past religion, standing as unknown in the records of time, as it is alone and desolate on the unbroken heath of Salisbury hills.

As we were driving, the Bishop pointed out, on a hill to the right, the site of the earliest Cathedral and Abbacy of Salisbury. For a long time it was regularly fortified by the monks, and was a stronghold; and as the lines of fortification are still visible from a long distance, it seems singular that



they have been so seldom noticed or commented on by travellers visiting Salisbury. At a later day the monks moved into Salisbury plain, and built the present church on the banks of the river.

The Bishop also took us to see dear Old Herbert's Church, and Parsonage.

*THE COUNTRY* Bemerton Church is probably the  
*PARSON.* smallest, if not the quaintest, church in England. It might hold forty persons if they sat close to one another. And here the good old man would come often, and lock himself in, to be alone with God. Near the church, where he used to minister the bread of life to the few villagers who waited on his wise and gentle words, is, what I have never seen elsewhere, the "*leper's window.*" In days long before Herbert, the lepers of the parish used to come there, to receive the elements at the administration of the Sacrament. It was probably as long ago as in the days of the Crusades; for it can not be conceived that leprosy was known in England, except as having been brought back from the Eastern wars, in the train of those renowned marauders. This window is within the chancel, opening from it, through the church wall, out into the road. Here the minister, when dispensing the sacred elements to his

“whole” people, could also, without endangering these, pass the consecrated bread to the poor lepers on the outside. I have seen no other such arrangement, except in the Coptic Cathedral at Cairo, where, through a small window opening from the chancel into the baptistery, the priest placed a portion of the consecrated biscuit dipped in wine on the tongue of an infant, whom he had just previously baptized.

The rector kindly sent over to us an invitation to visit the rectory garden, which is on the opposite side of the road from Bemerton Church. Here Herbert used to meditate, and, without doubt, also

*THE NADDER.*

to angle. For at the foot of one of the sweetest of English lawns runs, through a shady aisle of drooping trees, the cool and shallow Nadder, which goes hurrying along over the pebbles to join the Avon; and in many a hollow of it trout still hide. What a contrast to London! The quiet “calm retreat,” provoking meditation and leading to devotion; what a precious boon to wearied, toil-worn parsons! No wonder that Herbert could tell so sweet and calm a story of pastoral care.

The Nadder is Anglo-Saxon for *adder*, and the Bishop of Salisbury thinks that the name was given to the stream, because of its serpentine course.

### XIII.

#### THE BERLIN TREATY.

*London.*

DURING the last days of the Conference at Lambeth occurred that extraordinary Conference at Berlin, which issued in Disreali's master stroke of policy.

*PREMIER'S  
RECEPTION.*

It was my good fortune to witness the enthusiasm with which the Premier was received on his return to London. We were in the city, happily, on that day, and I walked out to the neighborhood of the Horse Guards to see the crowds, and, if possible, to see the hero who had conquered peace without a battle. Finding the crowd impenetrable, I turned up a narrow street which was less crowded, thinking to make my way round to the monument at Waterloo Place. But as I went on, I began to realize that I was in most distinguished company, and soon found that I had entered Downing street without knowing it, and that the police were mistaking me for some one who had the entrée. So I stood opposite the door of the Premier's abode,

where in a few minutes he alighted from his carriage, amidst cheers on cheers rolling up from the crowd outside of the street, and repeated to the echo by the Parliamentarians who were near his house. He looked wearied, pale, and agitated, but one could trace through the lines of care, those peculiar lines which indicate policy, resolution,

*LORD BEACONSFIELD,* and reserve. Even in this  
*THE RETICENT.* moment of triumph there  
 was no sign of exultation ;

hardly a smile, but an appearance of inward questioning as to what the future would bring forth. In a few moments he appeared at the window. It was at least five minutes before the enthusiastic multitude would stop cheering long enough to hear him. He stood there with that same air of constraint, evidently pleased, scarcely smiling, seeming to be hiding some thought, and deciding to speak only part of what was revolving within his mind. At last there was a momentary hush. He said: "We bring you *peace!*"

Perhaps you can imagine how those words excited the crowd. Such a burst of cheers one seldom hears. Five minutes passed, and then a hush. "My colleague and I bring you peace; we trust with *honor.*" That was enough to set the whole

crowd in motion again. It was very dramatic. No words could have been more fitting, and of course he chose those that were the fittest; for he is a master of language.

You have seen the rest of the speech, and the few admirable sentences which followed from his noble colleague. Nothing could have been conceived in better taste, and nothing could have carried the enthusiasm of the multitude to a higher pitch. In half an hour the mass of the lower ranks of people began to hustle the police, and as usual to break down the fences. Like a prudent man I did not wait to see the issue. However, the papers say no harm was done, for it was a good-natured English crowd.

The policy of the treaty has undergone a thorough examination since that day in Parliament, and its popularity is evident. A vast majority approve it, but some of the soberest men among the laity shake their heads, and doubt whether it has not brought a certain war, after a temporary peace. My belief is that the treaty has destroyed the power of Turkey in Europe, under the guise of sustaining the Sultan.

All students of prophecy have been looking for this result. It has come about in a most unex-

pected manner, just as all Divine orderings seem to disappoint human prognostications.

As in 1866 we were looking for the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, and it came, not as we expected, but surely, by a blow from *ROME.* which the temporal power has never recovered, so in these days, we were looking for the destruction of the Mohammedan power in Europe. And it has come, not by the entering of Russia into Constantinople, but by an unexpected and much more significant "drying up" of the Mohammedan vitality, from which it can never recover. For no one supposes that England, having once put her foot on Cyprus, will ever withdraw it. And no one supposes that England's protectorate over the Christians in Turkey, means anything else than the gradual expulsion of the Turks; for Mohammedanism and Christianity have not mingled in 1,200 years, and are as incapable of mixture as oil and water. I doubt whether the majority of our political thinkers will approve of the treaty. But I approve it heartily, because it accomplishes that which it seemed to have been written to prevent, that is, the gradual driving out of Europe of the intruding Turks, and the gradual extinction of the Mohammedan Empire. And yet again, in a

very unexpected manner, it accomplishes prophecy, and proves, what of course no Christian has ever doubted, that "The Lord reigneth; be the people never so impatient."

As to political prospects, one hardly dares to venture an opinion. It is evident that there will be a reaction in the public mind of the Anglican Empire when the people see what tremendous responsibilities have been assumed, and what an enormous increase will be given to the budget. It is doubted whether the reaction will be favorable to the Liberals; for they have lost ground by not displaying an alternative policy. It will possibly destroy the present Government; but if so, a third party, at present unknown, will take the reins. Such are some of the prognostications of those who are thought to be wise.

## XIV.

### THE FARNHAM CONSULTATION.

*Farnham Castle.*

A SIGNIFICANT meeting was held on the 31st of July, at Farnham Castle, under the auspices of the Anglo-Catholic Society. Although nominally a gathering of that Society, under the presidency of the Bishop of Winchester, it was really a Conference between the Bishops, and others who are most interested in the Old Catholic movement, with Bishop Herzog, who represented that movement, and with Père Hyacinthe.

The Bishop is the head of the Swiss Old Catholics, and was also authorized to speak in behalf of Bishop Reinkens for the German Old Catholics. Père Hyacinthe represented himself and a prospective Old Catholic Church in France. It can hardly be said that this movement has yet made a serious impression among the French. Under his preaching, by God's blessing, there is good reason for the belief that the movement will proceed with vigor. About twenty Bishops met these representative men. Of our own number were



present, Bishops Lee, Stevens, Coxe, Kerfoot, Littlejohn, Doane, Lyman, Scarborough, Spalding, and Bedell. The Primus of Scotland, the Bishop of Lichfield, the Bishop of Gibraltar, and the Bishop of Meath, with several Colonial Bishops, and the Bishop of Haiti, were present. Also Rev. Messrs. Nevins, Drs. Alfred Lee, Hogg, and May, and many others of influence. Letters of regret for absence were read from Bishop Reinkens, Professor Dollinger, Professor Von Schulte, and the Armenian Patriarch.

*BISHOP COXE.*

The speech of Bishop Coxe at the opening of the meeting I did not hear, inasmuch as we could not arrive from Salisbury until late. It was said to have been worthy of him and of the occasion, which is saying much. It introduced the foreign delegates, and the subject which had led to so grave an assemblage. No doubt it was eloquent in feeling, and sparkling with the brilliancy of his genius; for his heart and judgment both are fully alive to the importance of these movements for Reform, within the Latin Churches.

*OLD CATHOLIC  
BISHOP HERZOG.*

We heard Bishop Herzog. I was surprised to see so young a man in appearance; but he

is youthful only in his remarkable energy; for he is a man of large experience and calm judgment. He spoke in French, which, not being his native tongue, he does not use with the same freedom as the German. The points of greatest moment in his speech were these :

*SWISS  
MOVEMENT.*

1. The progress of the movement in Switzerland. The whole population is 2,500,000. About 1,000,000 were Roman Catholics. Already nearly 90,000 have become Old Catholics; which, in this case, means Reformed Catholics. For, as you will see below, the tenets of these Old Catholics are quite in harmony with our own. I suppose that in all Ohio we have not more than 50,000 Protestant Episcopalians. But the Swiss Old Catholics are already 90,000. Here is a fact worthy of our reflection; and the figures enable us at once to realize the extent of the movement in Switzerland. He has confirmed 4,000 in the course of the year.

*DOCTRINE.*

2. The Doctrines affirmed. He stated that compulsory confession was abolished, and communion in both kinds permitted; and that this latter practice would be immediately introduced into the churches of Geneva and of Chaud de Fonds. "On the doctrine of

the Lord's Supper we do not differ," he said; "we do not recognize a chemical transubstantiation, and we fully admit the doctrine of the Anglican Church on this head." When, a day or two afterward, I read his noble charge on the topic of the Holy Spirit's Presence in the Church, I understood more clearly the intensity of meaning in those phrases. He holds, as our Church does, that the Holy Ghost is the only Vicegerent of Christ in the Church, and that His grace alone gives efficacy to sacraments and ordinances. You will perhaps remember a Charge on that subject, delivered by the Bishop of Ohio. When I say that Bishop Herzog's views seem to me quite parallel with those in essential truths, you will not wonder that my heart was drawn toward him, and that I greeted him as a brother beloved. Such views are fatal to all the errors of Romanism; and those who hold them are Old Catholics indeed—as old in the faith, as the Church of the first three centuries, and the Apostles.

*FELLOWSHIP.* 3. He stated that the stories were incorrect which have been widely circulated by Roman hands, as to a schism among the Old Catholics in Germany, on account of the synodal decision at Bonn in favor of the marriage

of priests. Only two professors had withdrawn; no one else. The story of an excommunication by the Dutch Church was also incorrect; for it was found that the Bishop of Utrecht had expressed himself, without the authority of his brother Bishops. Bishop Herzog is modest and unassuming. He speaks with dignity, great calmness, precision, and force. He is evidently a leader.

*PERE  
HYACINTHE.*

On the contrary, this fiery, impulsive, excitable Frenchman, Père Hyacinthe, has not the quality of a leader, and is not generally supposed to possess the peculiar power of organizing a great movement. He understands these elements of his character, and attempts to be only a preacher. Great in this line, wonderfully eloquent, he will move the masses at last. His speech was so rapid, that it was difficult to follow him. It announced only great principles, but contained other salient facts. Père Hyacinthe is earnest in protesting against the errors of Rome; but his own views do not seem as yet to be solidified. The most interesting fact concerning him and his movement, was stated to me by Dr. Nevins, who allowed me to read the letter of the noted Presensée—the leading French Protestant Evangelical—in which

it was contained. It was an earnest appeal to the Anglican Church to aid Père Hyacinthe, on the ground that he was doing a most valuable work in breaking into the influence of the Romish Church in France. Such testimony added great weight to the good father's address.

CHURCH  
IN HAITI.

Bishop Holly spoke admirably on the topic of his efforts in Haiti, and appealed for help in establishing his educational institutions.

ARMENIAN  
CHURCH.

My leading thought in attending this Conference was, that an opportunity might occur, of which I could take advantage, to plead the cause of the Armenian Protestants who desire to be restored to the bosom of their ancient and beloved Episcopacy. Such an opportunity was given; and I used it as earnestly as I could, to lay before the Church of England the marvellous facts in this case. The statement was received kindly; and by certain subsequent events I know that the facts made an impression. The *Guardian* says: "The Bishop of Ohio remarked playfully, that the Church of England being so closely connected with the State, had, of course, together with the State, assumed a Protectorate over the Seven Churches of Asia." It

is evident, then, that my "playful remark," which on the contrary was intended in solemn earnest, reached its intended point. I heard of it afterward more than once. This must surely be the solution, under God, of the great question, which I have so anxiously brought before our Church at home. The Armenians are now under the Protectorate of England; and certainly the welfare of the Armenian Church must become an object of the deepest solicitude to the Church of England.

An ex-Patriarch of the Armenians is in England, pleading for England's protection to their nation; for theirs is both a Church and a nation. His object is political; but his presence and plea added weight to the arguments, and corroborated the facts, which the "Armenian Papers" originally printed in the "Standard of the Cross," and reprinted in England, have pressed on the attention of our churches.

*MEXICO.* The last topic considered by this Farnham Conference was the condition of the Church of Jesus in Mexico. Bishop Stevens set it forth with clearness and great force. Many other speeches were made. I have only outlined the topics. The meeting continued until quite late in the evening. We could not remain until the close,

for we were on our way to spend the evening at Winchester with Canon Carus and his wife. We met these dear friends of our lamented McIlvaine, friends who ministered so tenderly to him during his last hours. Here, too, we renewed our memories of Winchester; the hoary and grand, and in many respects the most curious of English cathedrals. Here one sees Norman columns and heavy arches remaining in one transept, whilst in every other portion of the church they have been carved down into the light and elegant forms of the ornamented Gothic. Here, among many antique monuments, is the new and elaborate mausoleum, erected to the memory of the late Bishop of Winchester, formerly Samuel Wilberforce, of Oxford. His effigies, a striking likeness, is reposing in episcopal robes, on a couch, upheld by six kneeling angels. On one corner is a conundrum in marble; the Bishop's face is represented as double, looking both forward and backward. The artist's meaning is not clear. This visit to Winchester was full of the deepest value and interest, and closed a memorable day.

## XV.

### BISHOP HERZOG'S PASTORAL LETTER.

*Farnham.*

I HAVE alluded to the Pastoral Letter issued by the Bishop of the Swiss Old Catholics, on occasion of the accession of the present Pope. It is so remarkable a document, that you should be in possession of, at least, the main line of its thought.

Its subject was the Holy Spirit; and it was introduced by reference to the death of the late Pope, and the election of a new one. I quote a few sentences: "Who can possibly believe that the Holy Spirit, whom Christ promised to His people to abide with them forever, should at the

*THE HOLY SPIRIT.* death of the Pope return to the Father until a new Pope is chosen? And yet we must accept this, if, as the Vatican Council teaches, the Pope is the sole depositary of that Spirit, who leads the Lord's disciples into all truth. Who can possibly believe, that that sacrament of all sacraments, the dispensing of the Divine Spirit, should merely consist in a vote given by a few ecclesiastics? And yet the



election of a Pope must be such a sacrament, for the elected one becomes the Supreme High-Priest, without whose assent, as is pretended, no valid sacramental act can be performed.

“Let us turn ourselves from these fallacies to the only eternal High-Priest. Christ is the true and only Head of the Church, Who pours out on us without intermission all grace and truth in the Holy Ghost.”

Following the words of Christ, “the Apostles laid the greatest stress upon a vital union with Christ. They say that Christ must live in us. They display the moral life-union with the Lord by saying that we must put on Christ.”

But “those who are united by the word and grace of Christ, have also outwardly before the world to display their oneness. May we not, therefore, conceive that this visible unity should be mediated by one who should represent the place of Christ toward the faithful?”

“It is not inconceivable.”

And then he goes on, by a delightful concatenation of texts, to show that the Saviour did actually provide such a substitute for Himself, not by elevating any Apostle, but by providing the Paraclete, the Comforter, who is the true and only Vicege-

CHRIST'S  
VICEGERENT.

rent of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
during the present dispensation.

Then follow these remarkable words: "The Holy Spirit of Truth," "He binds together the faithful into unity by placing each individual man in life-union with God and Christ."

"That very beautiful Parable of the Vine shows that He had not in view a unity such as might exist in a well-organized monarchy, but a unity of the Spirit."

"At His departure He instituted the love-supper through which His people might enter into true life-union with Him, and might exhibit themselves before the world as a communion sanctified through Him."

"This unity is the blossom and fruit of the fullest freedom. For faith, love, morality, sanctification, and hope can only unfold and grow in the liberty of the Spirit. And for the same reason, this communion between Christ's people must not be confounded with *outward uniformity*."

The Pastoral Letter is replete with spirituality. It is a distinct recognition of the individualness of union by faith (through the use of the Sacraments indeed) with Christ, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, in distinction from, but not in opposition

to, the cognate truth, corporate union by the Church. Beautiful in style, it is still more attractive by the precious truths which it contains. When you couple with such sentiments the fact already mentioned, that he, and the Bonn Synod, have agreed to administer the Lord's Supper, when desired, in both kinds—that is, to give both the Sacramental Bread and the Wine to the laity, you will appreciate what a tremendous stride Old Catholicism has taken, in its return toward the faith and practice of the Apostles.

## XVI.

### BERNE, AND THE OBERLAND.

*Berne.*

DELIGHTFUL Berne! The glorious snow-peaks of the Alps in sight! Looking across the valley of the Aare, through which that "abounding" river rushes, our view is stopped, fifty miles away, by the cloud-piercing forms of the Wetterhorn, the

*THE ALPS.* Shreckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the two Eigers, and the grand Jung-Frau,

with a whole company of lesser note, which fill in the intervals and create the unbroken chain of the Oberland, stretching to the right to the Blumisalp, and to the left to the Hinterthieb. The six peaks in the front view, which I have first named, rise in varying heights from 11,400 feet to 13,160 feet above the level of the sea—nearly two and one-half miles. There is nothing by which I can compare this tremendous height, so as to give the idea to one who has not seen it, nor does any one compass the idea by a first visit to the Alps. The idea grows as you study them. At last, some slight conception of these great proportions begins to

creep into the mind. Trinity Church spire in New York is about 250 feet in height. Its cross seems lifted far up into heaven. But twenty spires of Trinity Church piled one upon the other, will not carry one a single mile upward toward the throne of God. For the view which I enjoy to-day, I need to realize a mountain-top two miles and a

*CLOUD-  
PIERCING.*

half nearer to the sky, than when we are standing by the sea-side. The Catskill Mountains, which seem gigantic as you sail beneath them on the Hudson River (still twelve miles from them, although their shadow strikes the water), are less than 4,000 feet high. Pile Pelion on Ossa, Catskill upon Catskill, three times, and you would not then be able to step upon the top of the Jung-Frau; and four times, and then Mount Blanc and Monte Rosa would laugh at your fruitless effort to reach their cloud-capped summits. As I look now upon the beautiful Jung-Frau, every rock is covered with perpetual ice, and every fissure has its glacier,

*SNOW-  
COVERED.*

and a snow-mantle covers all, pure and white, fit for the peaks which are admitted as visitors from the earth to approach nearest to the heavenly sanctuary. Around them clouds gather, and again are

swept away. Alternate play of light and shade gives infinite variety to the prospect. As I look up from my paper, I see mountains like clouds, and clouds that seem to bear the solid forms of everlasting hills; but when I saw them last evening, through the rifts of a thunder-storm, the ice-peaks stood in solemn grandeur against the clear blue sky, and a smile passed over them—it was a violet ray—as if to reassure the sometimes weary, and sometimes faint-hearted, that all clouds are earth-born, whilst above them, the Rock of Ages forever dwells, within the radiance of the Father's love.

*FAITH'S  
LESSON.*

If there are sermons in stones, I surely heard these mountains say, amidst the thunder and the flashes: "He that believeth shall not make haste." "It is I, be not afraid." And my heart responded with joy to the "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Its foot is on the earth, where even feeble faith can reach it. But its Head is bathed in the glory of heaven; and the higher our faith can climb, the less gloomy are the clouds, and the more serene and unbroken is our peace with God.

*USES OF  
THE ALPS.*

God's gracious providence has made these grand mountains for a purpose, and collected them here with design; and has also fitted a nation for the care of

them. For the Alps are the *reservoir* of Europe, and Switzers are the guardians of this magnificent water-shed. While sceptical philosophers are digging up all sorts of skeletons, to see if there is not some unbroken bone of an argument, which will enable them to believe that there is no God, these Alps, which have never moved since the creation, have been telling the grand story of Divine purpose ever since the creation. Why do not these philosophers study it? Here God has laid up His fountains of fertility for Europe. Here the clouds deposit their moisture; and here, on these inaccessible summits, the drops freeze. Gradually avalanches fall into crevices, and into great valleys on the mountain sides.

*GLACIAL  
ACTION.*

By and by a glacier is formed. Then, as the pressure increases from above, and the melting begins below, this ice-river commences to creep along. Twelve feet, I think, is the rate, year by year. It creeps along, down the side of every mountain, until the lower end arrives at a point where it can feel the influence of the summer's sun. Then the melting begins. And then begin the torrents which flow into and form the Rhine, and the Rhone, and the Aare, and the Inn, and the Ticino. These water, and give fertility to, Europe. France, Germany, Austria,

Italy, and Switzerland itself, are fed from these ice-rivers, and the lakes which are formed by them. This ice-bed—a bed of perpetual ice—covers one thousand square miles.

God's providence has prepared a hardy, brave, enduring people to guard this grand reservoir. Their character, no doubt owing to the land in which they dwell, has altered little since the days when Cæsar found them to be a barrier to his con-

*SWITZER  
GUARDS.*

quests. They have no ambition to destroy the forests and change the course of rivers. They leave the country as their fathers gave it to them, living by hard toil, by flocks that are fed on every little green spot that peeps out amongst the snows, and by the cultivation of the low lands, which yield abundantly.

It is difficult to realize that a country which includes such majestic features of scenery, and plays such a part in God's eternal purposes, is scarcely larger than our Diocesan half of Ohio, being only 220 x 110 miles; and that this influential nation numbers only the population of Ohio—two millions and a half.

Yet some men say that all things came by chance; and that there is no God!



## XVII.

### GIMMELWALD, AND THE JUNG-FRAU.

#### *Gimmelwald.*

WE are enjoying the natural attractions of this mountain hamlet. Max Müller was greatly delighted with the views from this spot, and with its

*A MOUNTAIN* quaint primitiveness. It is as yet  
*HAMLET.* little known to travellers. We

owe the pleasure of seeing it entirely to his enthusiastic description, and his urgency that we should also enjoy it. Nor is it possible for any lover of what is grand and vast among the works of God to be disappointed here. We stand in awe of the Almighty Power which has here given to nature such sublimity, and exhibited such resistless forces.

Gimmelwald, or Gümmelwald, is a retired Swiss village, on the heights at the very end of the Lauterbrunnen valley, opposite to the Oberland range. To reach it, a traveller hires a char-à-banc,

*ROUTE.* or a one-horse chaise, at the village of Lauterbrunnen, being careful to carry with him a good saddle. After a drive of five

miles, coming to the end of the carriage-road, at Stackelberg, the horse is saddled, and the driver becomes a guide. The traveller, now on horse-back, crosses the White Leutschine, and ascends the mountain to the west and south, along the precipitous side of a deep ravine. The ascent is very rapid for one thousand feet. Then by a slight descent he arrives at the side of a torrent, crosses by a precarious bridge, and ascending again abruptly, at the height of two thousand feet above the valley, comes to Gimmelwald, and the chalêt

*SCHILT-HORN  
INN.*

of the Schilt-horn. Of course an Alpine walker will trust his own feet rather than those of a horse.

Indeed, for a good pedestrian, the whole trip will not require more than three hours. Ladies may be carried up the mountain by a chaise-à-porteur. This route is shorter, and far easier, than the ascent by Mürren. The hamlet is straggling; each house seems to be quarrelling with a neighbor for leave to cling to the side of the mountain. At the Inn, Frau Von Allmen—let her name be known—provides for every reasonable want of her guests, at a price per day varying, according to the room, from \$1.00 to \$1.25. It is all plain, it is true; but the table is German-Swiss, and plentiful. How

long this primitiveness and economy will last, who shall say? Indeed, I feel guilty even in writing about it; for the moment that this now quiet resort shall become known, its quietness and quaintness will pass away like the remembrance of a pleasant dream, and rising prices will scatter the agreeable band of Alpine tourists who now make it their resort.

Here we are face to face with the Jung-Frau. Perched on the edge of the hill, four thousand six hundred feet above the sea, and opposite the chain of the Bernese Oberland, at its best point,

*THE  
JUNG-FRAU.*

we are looking right into the heart of the Jung-Frau. The glaciers, that have their origin from the snows on the summit of the Silver Horn and the Bright Horn (translated from the German names), are on a line with our eyes. As I am writing, their masses of ice, loosened by this August sun, are forming avalanches, and thundering down to the lower slopes. There the sun meets them, and the streams begin their flow.

Lauterbrunnen is well named. It is the valley of "nothing but water-falls." From the moment that one leaves Interlaken, all the sounds of nature are resolved into the murmur of brooks, the h m

of mountain rivulets, and the roar of torrents or leaping falls. Five miles further to the north, opposite to the village of Lauterbrunnen, from the height of the hill on which we now are, the Staubach leaps down the precipice, a clear leap of over 700 feet. Its water becomes mere spray before it touches the rock again after such a fall. Gathering again, the stream goes on in another leap, in all making a water-fall of more than 900 feet. Near us, at Gimmelwald, there are three lovely falls. And from our window I count—I have just counted them—twelve cascades on the opposite mountain-side; and there are quite as many within a half hour's walk on our own side.

It is very quiet here, provocative of study and writing; of both which I have done a full share during the past ten days. Our fellow guests are Alpine climbers. Even some of the ladies go off

*AN ALPINE  
CLUB.*

with the parties for a morning climb of 6,000 or 7,000 feet, and come back to dinner at noon. Yesterday, two gentlemen and three ladies started at 6 A.M., walked by Mürren to Lauterbrunnen, then up the Wengern Alp, and back by Stackelberg, arriving home at 8, after eleven hours of walking, climbing at least 7,000 feet, and going about twenty-eight

miles. They were all at breakfast this morning, bright and vigorous. We may envy such physical powers, but there is no use in trying to imitate what is impossible to us. So we take our quiet walks, enjoy the grand features of the scenery, watch the avalanches, delight our eyes with the endless variety of water-falls, and are lulled to rest at night by the murmur, or the roar, of the wild leaping streams.

*MÜRREN CHURCH.* An hour's walk to the north is the town of Mürren, 800 feet higher than this. It is a favorite resort, very much crowded. The fact that a great number of English people go there every summer, has led naturally to the attempt to build a church for their use. The attempt has succeeded so far that the new church was opened for a first service last Sunday, August 11th. Hearing of it, we took advantage of the occasion, in company with the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of Rugby, and other English people from this hamlet; and listened to an appropriate and very simple sermon by Rev. Dr. Butler, Master of Harrow. The services were led by the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Edgar; and I had the privilege of taking part in them. The little church was quite full; probably 200 persons were

present. On the succeeding Sunday (18th), I preached in the morning; and the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Edgar, in the afternoon. How hearty were the responses and singing! People at such a time, and amidst such associations, seem to forget their conventionality. Prayer and praise come forth from willing hearts, and there is a reality about it, which, with us, alas! in cities, and the crowded world, worship often lacks. This attractive little church is built under the auspices of the S. P. G. It is a pretty specimen of architecture; a combination of old English with the Swiss style. The ceiling is entirely open. The whole frame appears. The beams on which the roof lies are thrown beyond the table-beam of the frame, thus securing the best ventilation between and underneath the edge of the roof and the frame. All the fittings are simple. The service and sermon, and administration of the Holy Communion, were all in the sober old-fashioned forms in which I delight.

*A BROTHERLY  
IDEA.*

A gratifying announcement was made by Dr. Butler, that one purpose of erecting the church, was, to furnish a place of worship for the Swiss villagers, at other seasons than during the summer heats, when English and American travellers will

need it. An admirable practical thought! Why should these little chapels, scattered through all this land by British and American liberality, be closed and useless except for three months of the year? What a blessing to these poor hamlets they might be, if used, as this one at Mürren is to be, by the Swiss pastors for their own flocks, during the long months when Switzerland is deserted by foreigners. Accordingly, at 5 o'clock in the evening, the idea was realized; the church was open to the Swiss villagers. Two pasteurs came up from the valley, one of them preaching in German; and there was a congregation of 150 villagers, from the surrounding hamlets. God bless the effort!

## XVIII.

### MÜRREN AND THE AVALANCHES.

IT was a glorious day : the sun bright, the shadows deep, a light air stirring, and the snow mountains opposite to us revealing every feature of their majesty. Certainly, Mürren presents the finest *coup d'œil*, embracing the widest range of snow peaks, in a near view, which we have yet enjoyed. Our experience has been somewhat extended, and therefore I speak with less reserve. Rigi Cûlm for a distant view ; Mürren for a close view of the Alps. As we stood on the terrace below the hotel, it seemed as if we could toss a biscuit across the White Lutschine (running 2,600 feet below us through the Lauterbrunnen valley), into the shelters of the chamois on that pile of rocky peaks, which rises directly between our eye and the body of the Jung-Frau. This strange, ragged mass of the Black Mountain, rising 8,000 feet from the valley, seems to be a buttress for the great

*THE BLACK  
MOUNTAIN.*



range of ice-hills behind, and on either side of it. But it can not hide them. Towering above, and looking over at us from her throne of snow, the

*JUNG-FRAU.* Jung-Frau sits in glorious majesty, raising her head toward heaven at a

height of 12,800 feet. In either hand she holds the Silberhorner at 11,300 feet, and the Schrechorner at 10,500 feet. So she looks down upon us, with her three summits, from above the ridges of the black hill in front; or, rather, they draw our eyes up to the fairest image which this earth presents of the Throne of the Most High. Then as we turn

*OBERLAND.* to the right, all the peaks are in full view with which Gimmelwald has

made us familiar: the Gletschorner, the Mittag-horner, the Gosshorner, and the Breithorner, and beyond them still are the Blumisalp. On our left, are the Monch, the Eigher, and the Wetter-horner, which we could not see at all from Gimmelwald. Indeed, from Mürren we see, close at hand, almost all the points which one sees from Berne, at a distance of fifty miles.

As we unwillingly bade farewell to this scene

*THUNDER WITH-  
OUT A CLOUD.* of solemn, silent grandeur, there is a roll of thunder.

We look up. Not a cloud.

We recognize the echoes of an avalanche; and looking across to the foot of the glacier, which is in a line with our eye at 5,000 feet in height, we notice where a piece of the frozen mass has broken off, and quickly following with our eye down toward the valley, we see a torrent of crumbling ice and snow just ceasing to fall over the precipice below the glacier. As we are turning away, another mass breaks off; and now the frozen cascade plunges down in terrible madness chasing the other. The rushing whirl seems to hurry down

*TWO  
AVALANCHES.*

200 feet or more; then comes the thunder again, for while we were gazing on the second, the first snow torrent has gone rushing on, and coming to a less perpendicular precipice, it goes thundering down a rough plane, like the rapids above the Horse-shoe Fall of Niagara. So, while the echoes multiply, we see two avalanches together, following each other; one precipitously, and one, lower down, falling at an angle; both of them covering the rocks with snow dust whilst rushing to increase the mass of the lowest glacier. Out of the foot of this glacier a river is issuing.

Filled with wonder at this grand exhibition, our eyes wander back to the familiar ice-beds which we

saw at Gimmelwald; and behold! a magnificent

*FALL OF THE  
SCHMADRIBACH.*

water-fall which was hidden from us until we had passed Mürren — the Fall of the Schmadribach. It emerges from a glacier in great volume, is hurled to a depth of 200 feet; whence it rises again in vapor, and, bounding outward, forms an arch before re-collecting its drops, and plunging down again toward the Lutschine. It is said that on this arch one can see the constant play of the Iris in sunlight. We can well imagine it; for during one of our walks down toward the head of the valley of Gimmelwald, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as we looked toward one of the cataracts which faced the sun, we saw almost every color of the spectrum refracted in the falling river. It was not a bow, but a straight, perpendicular line of colors in bands; the green, blue, and violet being predominant.

Another thunder roll! Our thoughts and eyes are called back. Precisely at the

*A THIRD  
AVALANCHE.*

same spot as before, another mass of the upper glacier has broken off, and the snow stream goes thundering after the others; only, now, the stream is wider, and it has broken into rills, and they separate over the face

of the precipice, and meet again, and separate, and meet ; as if a skilful lace-weaver were using them for a network. It is indescribably beautiful and grand—these forms of nature, irresistible powers, pouring down in a mad course ; and yet, in the hands of God's subtle, unseen forces, assuming shapes of exquisite grace, and playing in and out with all the glee of a gentle, merry, summer waterfall. And all this amidst the utter silence and the desolate solitude of the snow-fields of the Alps. A moment was spent in awe ; another in thankfulness to God that we had seen such a vision of majestic beauty.

We had not gone a hundred feet before another  
*AND A FOURTH.* thunder call ! and, looking  
 quickly, by a sort of instinct,  
 to the same spot as before, we saw another mass  
 go tumbling down at the same place ; a fourth avalanche ; and all the four had broken off apparently within a few feet of each other.

These frozen cataracts, with which nature seems to amuse herself, are not always harmless. At this spot they are innocent indeed, for they fall into the uninhabited Trümmen-Thal, a deep gorge between the Jung-Frau and the Wengern Alp. But they are masses of hundreds of tons of broken ice,

and frequently take down with them hundreds of tons of rock and earth. When they fall upon a forest or a village, they sweep everything away; and alas! human lives also.

I remember once, long ago, on the way to Chamounix after leaving Sallenche, we came to a plain of large gravel and sand, without a vestige of tree or shrub or grass, which looked as if it had been desolate from the creation. Across it the road had been newly made. I asked, "What is this?" The guide took off his hat solemnly and said: "An avalanche poured down here into the Arve, and made a dam across the river; and then the flood broke loose and tore everything away. Avalanche and river together swept all these fair fields into ruin, and the village and the hamlets, and the souls that were living here in peace and security. And scarcely enough were saved to tell the tale."

*SUDDEN  
DESOLATION.*

## XIX.

### X INTERLAKEN, AND THE LAKES.

WE are detained at Interlaken for a day or two. It is a very hospitable place; using the term in its ancient sense: for a greater number of hostels, or houses for hospitality, will be found crowded together here, than appear in any other town of similar dimensions.

Rain is pouring in occasional torrents, and traveling would be, to say the least, disagreeable. Interlaken is not an unpleasant place for a brief sojourn.

#### *SARATOGA IN SWITZERLAND.*

Those who are fond of crowds and fashion would speak of it in enthusiastic terms; for it is the Saratoga of Switzerland. As there, fountains of health-waters are distributed, so here, by a sort of parallelism, the streams of health-seekers distribute themselves in all directions. It is the chief starting-place for trips to the high Alps. You will not be much surprised, then, to learn, although it was a curious coincidence, that, soon after

our arrival, other Bishops and their companions came in from various quarters; until in these two days six of us have reported here; all making a trip on the continent before returning to America from the Conference.

*SIX BISHOPS.*

Bishops Lee, Stevens, Scarborough, Spalding, and Bedell were here yesterday, and Bishop Howe arrived this morning. The latter has been to Paris, and preached at our American Episcopal Church in that city. On next Sunday Bishop Littlejohn will be in Geneva, consecrating our new church in that important city.

*August 26th.*

Yesterday the pulpit of the English Chapel was occupied by Bishop Bedell in the morning, and Bishop Howe, of Central Pennsylvania, in the afternoon. The chapel is the choir of what would have been a grand monastery church, had it ever been completed. But the monastery was suppressed by the Cantonal Government in 1528, and part of it is now a prison, part a hospital, part used as Government buildings; one portion of the church is given to the Roman Catholics, another to the Scotch Church, and the choir to the English.

The chaplain for August has been Rev. Joshua Kirkman, of London, who told me that Bishop McIlvaine had preached three times for him in his parish church. So that it was quite in order for the Bishop of Ohio to preach for him in Interlaken.

*HOWE.* Bishop Howe's sermon was a precious, strengthening, and instructive comparison and interpretation of the three texts—"Bear ye one another's burdens. Every man shall bear his own burden. Cast thy burden on the Lord." His finished style and weighty thoughts made a deep impression.

*LEE.* Bishop Lee preached yesterday at Mürren in the afternoon. So the voices of American Bishops continue to be heard, even though the Conference has dispersed.

After the afternoon service a slight shower came on. But as the clouds broke at sunset, two magnificent rainbows spanned the whole valley, the base resting on the mountains on either side; at the same instant the Jung-Frau shook her head clear of clouds, and appeared robed in dazzling white; while the whole lower valley was bathed in that peculiar glow which is familiar to us when the red rays of the setting sun shoot below a cloud, filling



all the lower atmosphere with softened radiance. It was very beautiful. If the term were not so perverted it would be right to call it heavenly; for such a landscape, seen amidst such lights and shadows, may well be part of the heavenly vision.

*BETWEEN THE  
LAKES.*

An entire contrast to the mountain scenery near Mürren is presented by that of Interlaken; for "Between-the-lakes," as the name indicates, implies that this town is on a level that scarcely divides, and almost connects, Lakes Thun and Brienz. In fact, the soil was accumulated here chiefly by the washings of the impetuous Lutschine; and Interlaken is only a few feet above the level of the lakes. A river runs through it, connecting the two. This scenery is, therefore, wholly of the valley. But a lovely valley it is, shut in, in the rear, by a bold overhanging mountain, and in front, by a series of grand heights, very varied in form, leaving only one opening, that of the Lauterbrunnen valley, through which every dweller in Interlaken has an uninterrupted view of the grand form of the Jung-Frau.

I walked to-day up the Brunig road for two miles, gradually rising above Lake Brienz. There, a hill to the right offered the promise of a good

prospect. I followed a rough foot-path, and found myself unexpectedly among the ruins of an old church, perched on one of the most picturesque spots conceivable. Entering an open gateway, a

*THE SILENT  
RUIN.*

lonely tower opposes itself. The old belfry has lost its roof, and even the birds have deserted the shelterless ruin. Back of it are the ruins of a nave. And around the tower, in silence and alone, lie a few buried bodies of the dead. A lonelier spot I never saw. And yet I was not quite alone there. For, as I clambered round the tower, on the side nearest the lake, an old man was digging with his staff amongst the ruins, and crouching down examining the dust with anxious and curious search. I gave him "Bon jour," and he answered me with a German accent, which showed that the Tower of Babel had accomplished a separation between us, so far as concerns speech. So I did not attempt to interrupt him in his strange, sad, anxious search. Was he feeling among the dust after some memory that had been lost, but which the association of place had half revived?

The view was perfect. Both lakes lay beneath the old church; on either side one of them always present. How placid, and how blue they were;

and how safely sheltered, and how guarded by the everlasting hills. I could see the river, too, that unites them ; not a quiet or a straight stream, but a pale, unquiet, turbulent, and somewhat crooked stream. And here, from the old grave-yard, amongst the almost forgotten dead, I could not help finding

*THE LAKES AND  
THE RIVER: A  
STORY OF LIFE.*

a parable in that most striking picture. Out of impenetrable mystery the Lutschine has its birth, and forms Lake Brienz.

For a little while its waters live alone. And when their task is done, they flow on ; they do not stop—death is not a termination, but only a narrow continuation—they flow on through the pale river, which now is called the Aare—life and death are only different names of the same stream of being—into the beautiful Lake Thun, where the sunlight plays in freedom, and the shadows fall, not to darken, but adorn. That lake flows out through the Aare, now enlarged—not changed, but continued and made majestic—it flows out through the Rhine into the deep sea and the eternal ocean. Surely I read aright, from that lonely grave-yard, the story

*PARABLE INTER-  
PRETED.*

of life. From mystery and nothing, Life passes into unending being. At first, a life con-

finer and limited; at last, a life which is part of the great ocean of God's everlasting existence. The pale river separates, but connects the two. And through the pale river every life continues to flow out of the lake of mysterious beginning, into the lake of revealed immortality, and becomes indissolubly and forever a part of the boundless life which fills eternity.

## XX.

### SCOTCH DISESTABLISHMENT.

#### IS IT RELATED TO DISESTABLISHMENT IN ENGLAND?

ONE of the vexed questions of the day is the disestablishment of the Scotch Church. A class of political enemies of the Church of England is attempting to connect this question with that of the disestablishment of the English Church, and to make the accomplishment of one a stepping-stone to accomplish the other. I have, of course, been desirous to understand the connection between the two, and to learn whether they bore any real relations. To-day, the opportunity offered itself, of comparing my opinions as formed in England, with those which have been formed by one thoroughly conversant with the subject, and who has looked at it as a Scotchman; inasmuch as a distinguished member of the Free Kirk conversed with me fully on the topic, giving the points of the case. It is as I had suspected. The questions

have slight, if any, relation to each other. A disestablishment of the Scotch Kirk may occur, without touching the grave questions that would be disturbed, if the Church of England were to be disestablished.

The Kirk of Scotland has been held to the Government of England by very slight bands, and has

*KIRK'S BANDS  
TO THE STATE.*

still less connection with the social structure. The most annoying of their grievances, that of Lay Patronage, was settled four years ago by the abolition of that right. The relation of the civil courts to ecclesiastical jurisdiction indeed remains unsettled, or rather is still unsatisfactory; because the claim of the courts, and the several acts of Parliament which gave freedom to the Scotch Kirk, seem to be in collision. It was on this point that the Free Kirk made its stand. They took the ground, perfectly familiar to us, and both Scriptural and just, that the Church has the right to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction untrammelled by the State; that the State should protect her in

*FREE KIRK CON-  
TENTION.*

that right, not interfere with nor override her decisions; and that the State (civil courts) should intervene only when civil rights, or the pe-

cuniary interests of an individual member (clerical or lay) are invaded, contrary to the voluntary compact. The successful resistance of the Free Kirk in 1843—their sacrifices and brave contention—had a right result. It was a moral triumph, always stronger than unrighteous law. So that although technically their claim remains, yet the civil courts of Scotland do not practically interfere with the spiritual discipline of the Established Kirk. Practically—as my informant thinks—the Kirk is about as free from civil control as if it were disestablished. The only other band of the Kirk to the State is that of pecuniary support. But that can hardly be deemed a part of the question of disestablishment. For the Kirk of Scotland is sup-

*KIRK PROPERTY.*

ported by rentals of land, and those may fairly be considered a portion of its own property. If disestablishment should occur, it would not *necessarily* touch this relation between the Church and its landed property.

The Kirk has by no means the same hold on the social structure in Scotland, as the Church of England has in the sister kingdom. The Kirk has no

*KIRK SOCIALLY.*

universities or public schools, bearing a similar relation to

the State, as that which is borne by the universities and schools of England. A few chaplains are in the army with the Scotch regiments; none (as I understood him) are in the navy. All other relations of the Scotch Kirk, as such, to society are very slight. So that, in the first place, lay patronage, at which disestablishment aims, has been already abolished; and as to other particulars, disestablishment is not necessary, for they have been practically gained without it. Should the event occur, it would give no shock to the social structure nor to the State. I think that the points are thus stated fairly, as my friend presented them this morning. At least such is the impression left on my mind.

You will therefore see the wide difference between the questions in the two countries. They can hardly be said to be related. Only the zeal of partisans and the blindness of political determination could affirm that one should be linked to the other. The Church of England is not tied to, but is part of, the State; and is knitted in with every fibre of society. Union of Church and State in England is not the result of an act of agreement, a covenant uniting

*A DISTINCTION  
WITH A  
DIFFERENCE.*



them as in Scotland; but it has been the growth of its national constitution. Nor is there any doubt in the minds of the wisest and most thoughtful men with whom I have had opportunity to converse, that disestablishment in England means, and must be followed by, destruction of the Government.

I think you will be impressed by that part of my friend's opinion which referred to the question of State support. Our daily papers at home, not understanding the point at issue, are in the habit of representing the Church of England as being supported by the State. But my Scotch friend is right. They are wrong. The Church of England,

*NEITHER KIRK  
NOR CHURCH  
SUPPORTED BY  
THE STATE.*

like the Church of Scotland, is supported by its own property. So that the Archbishop of York said rightly: "The State does not contribute one penny to the support of the Church. No one is taxed for it. Every poor man has an equal right with any other man to all the benefits which the Church offers, without payment of a penny."

The question of disendowment is a distinct and separate question. On that point an American may have strong views, and express them strongly,

for our Constitution protects our vested rights. No act of a Legislature, not even of Congress, can touch those rights.

Disestablishment in Ireland was accompanied by a robbery of the Church. Circumstances, such as non-residence, and other peculiar questions, threw a shadow of right over a grievous wrong. But the actual issue is becoming evident now in the case of the Church of Scotland; and still more in that of the Church of England. Parliament has no more right (except that of the strong hand) to dispossess either Church of its property, than the Legislature of New York has to confiscate the property of the Dutch Collegiate Church, or of Trinity Corporation.

If any one should reply—that at the Reformation this property was taken from the Roman Catholic Church and given to the Church of England, and that disendowment would be an application of the *lex talionis*, it is obvious enough to reply that the Roman Catholic Church at the Reformation was using what did not belong to it; that it had usurped the place of the grand old English Church, and that the Reformation only restored to the Church of England its property. If the Old Catholics should prevail in our country, the same

*ROMISH  
USURPATION.*

question would occur that has been already decided in favored Switzerland. The Old Catholics being the true representatives of the Catholic Church, have a right to so much of its property as they require for their purposes. So the Church of England at the Reformation merely resumed that which the Roman Church had used of the Church's property during the Apostasy.

This illustration is scarcely aside from the purpose of these remarks. In a question of separating the State from a Church, the State has no right to take the property of that Church, nor has it a right to distribute the property among citizens who do not, and never did, belong to that Church, and never made any claim to membership. The argument may be left just where my clever and judicious friend of the Free Kirk left it. Speaking of the Established Kirk of Scotland, he said, the Established Kirk is supported by *its own property*. Make a note of that. The property which sustains the Kirk or the Church is its own property. It does not belong to the State. It belongs to the Kirk, or the Church, to whom, and for whose uses, it was given by members of the Kirk or of the Church. Disestablishment is a question of policy ; but disendowment is robbery.

*DISENDOWMENT  
ROBBERY.*

## XXI.

### RIGI-KULM.

THIS is a good place from which to write ; for we are as far above the world as we shall probably ever get—six thousand feet—and are as thoroughly shut in from all distracting scenes as we can ever be ;

*A SANCTUM.* in the midst of a cloud, through which we can not see in any direction further than six feet. Those who come to the Rigi take these chances. We have lighted on a stormy season. It has lasted, with storms or prevailing showers, for the past fortnight. But we have had some bright interludes ; and since we have been on our favorite Rigi, we have enjoyed some views which fully repay all the trouble of getting here, and all the strange uncomfortableness of being at times utterly within a cloud.

The getting here was an experience. On a lovely August day, we left Interlaken for the Brunig Pass,

*THE BRUNIG PASS.* *en route* to Lucerne. Bright clouds and dancing sunlight marked time with the trot of our wheel horses,

and the merry bells of the leaders. As we ascended the hill, Lake Brienz lay tranquilly below, sleeping in the morning calm. But before we had reached that point on the shore opposite to the Geisbach Falls, where the full view of them begins, ripples on the lake had become wavelets, and these were turning into decided waves. A breeze from the north was becoming a wind; the sun was taking shelter beneath a storm-cloud, and stray drops were warning us that our hopes of a pleasant excursion were doomed to disappointment.

*A SUMMER  
SHOWER.*

But where one has an eye for nature, even her fitfulness yields delight; and nothing could have been grander than the approach of the thunder shower, as it came rushing down the lake, after having first shut in Interlaken, and the Aare, and the snow mountains on both sides. A sort of yellowish hue pervaded it, as if the sun were retiring very unwillingly from the scene, and were striving still to show himself through the falling drops. Quick flashes began to split the yellow mass. Thunders reverberated, and white waves dashed along the shore. Just then the

*FALLS OF  
THE GIESBACH.*

Giesbach came into sight. In all its marvellous beauty we could see it, leaping from rock

to rock, a succession of water-falls, from the top of the mountain until it reached the lake; now to the right, now to the left; now springing outward, now hiding behind a jutting crag; then bounding over it, dashing every several face of it with merry drops; then filling the air with mist; then gathering itself again into a solemn torrent; and all its silver sheen more brilliant because of the sombre storm that was pressing it closer and closer. Suddenly it was gone. The black rain was on us; and we hurried, with the sweet memory of the vision, into our pent-house of a carriage. Nor did the pitiless storm leave us until we drove  
*STORM.* into Lucerne at nine o'clock at night, for only then the stars were beginning to blink wearily at the gaslights of the city.

The next morning was promising. We crossed Lake Lucerne in a steamer to the hamlet, where we take the rail for Rigi. What a change since we last saw these quiet mountains and the rocks of the wild goats! What a profanation  
*PRCCUL!* of these solemn solitudes! What  
*O PROCUL,* mean, thin, shrill shrieks afflict the  
*PROFANI!* air, where we had once listened only to the grand notes of the Switzer's alpine horn, or the echoes of rebounding rocks as they leaped

down toward the lake, or the reverberations of ice torrents falling from distant glaciers!

Nevertheless, it was convenient. There the whole paraphernalia was lying in wait—  
*CONVENIENCE* station-house, rail carriage, loco-  
*Versus* motive, and complacent porter  
*SUBLIMITY.* —exceedingly complaisant for a

franc! And this was at the foot of the Rigi!

The road is a marvel. Happily, at least we can  
*RIGI* say, it is no ordinary railroad. At  
*RAILROAD.* times it is frightfully steep. It seems  
 often to lie at an angle of  $35^{\circ}$  or  $40^{\circ}$ .

The locomotive pushes the carriage up-hill, and when returning descends in front of it. Only one carriage is used, but it holds fifty-four persons. If more passengers are waiting, another carriage and locomotive follow the first at a safe interval. Between the rails a line of cogs is laid. A cog-wheel beneath the carriage fits into them, and the driving wheel of the locomotive is a larger cog-wheel fitting into, and getting its purchase within, the same line of cogs. The road is perfectly safe. It does not seem possible for an accident to occur. It runs near enough to the cliffs to afford a series of grand pictures foreshadowing that which is in store for travellers when they arrive at the summit.

ROMANTIC  
YIELDS TO  
EASE.

It is not strange that crowds of sight-seers, and even of the nobler race—observant travellers—ascend the Rigi.

Since the railroad was opened the number has been nearly doubled. Although the old romance of Swiss travelling is taken away by it, convenience is furthered. Previously, at least an alpenstock was needed, and coarse boots and strong limbs and a toilsome trudge of three or four hours. The last time we ascended we were a party of eight. Two of the ladies used *chaises-à-porteur*, with four men to carry each. The rest rode horses or mules, with a guide for each, and there were two mules for baggage, with a man for the two. So that the caravan summed up twenty-nine persons, and eight mules or horses, for a party of eight with luggage. Now we two, with baggage, ascended the mountain in one hour and a half, in a comfortable carriage, enjoying every moment without any possible fatigue.

CLERICAL.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and his family availed themselves of the railroad, and spent the night at this hotel—the Schreiber. It is one of the most systematically conducted hotels which we have seen in Switzerland. All its appointments are comfortable, and its public rooms elegant.



We have this moment parted with the Bishop of Iowa (Dr. Perry) and his party, who have spent a few hours here. He is to preach in Lucerne on Sunday. We have also met several English clergymen ; and one of the brightest lights in the famous galaxy which adorned and gave success, under God, to the Free Kirk of Scotland—Rev. Dr. Blackie, of Edinburgh. An English service will be held tomorrow (Sunday) at the Rigi Kaltbad, a sanitary hotel, which is situated on the west face of the mountain, about three miles down along the rail track. I shall gather the English and Americans who may choose it, around me here, while we have our familiar worship together.

#### THE RIGI.

The mountain called the Rigi, rises to the height of nearly 6,000 feet (5,905 actually). It is situated as a sentinel directly in front of the great Pass over the St. Gothard into Italy.

#### *THE MOUNTAIN OF THE PANORAMA.*

Eleven lakes have gathered at its foot. Indeed, lakes lie all around it, except on the south side, where its slopes are connected by a narrow high ridge with the St. Gothard and its neighbor mountains. Close under the Rigi you see the

three lakes known generally as Lake Lucerne, beside the Lakes of Zug and Lowerz. The north side of the mountain is precipitous. The south side is a series of wide terraces and gentle slopes, full of fig, chestnut, and almond trees, and covered with fresh green pastures that support 4,000 head of cattle. The celebrated peak, the Kulm or Top, commands a panorama 300 miles in circumference. We have nothing with which to compare it, except the view from the Catskill Mountain House. Yet that, grand as it is, is only a view from the front; forty miles in breadth, by 150 or 160 from north to south; probably in this latter dimension greater than any one line of view from the Rigi, and, as a valley view, nowhere surpassed within my range of observation. But think of getting a *circumference* of 300 miles! Here we look all around us, and on every side see objects of surpassing interest, and of unsurpassed loveliness or majesty.

*THE PLAIN.* North are the plains of Switzerland, studded by lakes, threaded

by rivers, adorned by forests; while cities, towns, and villages appear in every direction, and in every accessible spot is a *châlet* and a farm. This view extends beyond Berne almost to Basle, and quite to the high hills of the Black Forest, while the

cities of Lucerne and Zurich and the town of Zug lie almost at one's feet. To the north-east the eye catches the location of Constance. To the east a succession of dark rocks and mountain peaks, with some snow summits, carry the eye beyond where Chur (Coire) hides itself in the valleys. To the north-west the Jura mountains show themselves; and you know that Neufchatel and its beautiful lakes are there, although you can not distinguish them. A little more to the west, Pilatus discovers his black and ragged peaks. Then you turn round toward the south.

From one extremity to the other of a semicircle which is 150 miles in extent, is a  
*ICE CLIFFS.* succession of the grandest ice cliffs; mountains ranging from 8,000 to 12,000 feet in height, presenting every varied form of grandeur and sublimity which the terrible forces of nature could produce, by volcanic outthrow, or pressure of internal heat, or glacial abrasion. From Sentis on the far east, past Glarnish, and Todi, and the double peak of the Scheerhorn, and the sharp pyramid of the Bristenstock, to Titlis; and then to the range of the Bernese Oberland with which Mürren has already made us familiar. With a good glass one can see glaciers in every rift of all these mountain

peaks. The eye never tires of such a view ; for it possesses infinite variety, and combines every element of grandeur or of the picturesque. Craggs, and water-falls, and ice rivers, and hoary summits, and black rock precipices ; and on the other side, sweet valleys, and peaceful rivers, and sleeping lakes, and browsing sheep, and cattle on a thousand hills, and forests in everlasting verdure, and wooded slopes with summer shades ; and everywhere the evidences of life, and thrift, and human activity. What can a painter want more ? What can a moralist desire besides ? What can a child of God need else to draw his heart, in adoration or in loving awe, to the Creator and Father of all ?

## XXII.

### SUNRISE AND SUNSET ON THE RIGI.

FIFTY thousand persons come to the Rigi every year. Most of them come to see the sun rise upon this grand panorama, or to witness the sun set. Many go down again, having seen nothing but clouds. But the fortunate ones are in sufficient numbers to secure a full supply to take subsequent chances. We have thus far had no visible sunrise, although we have remained here already for six days; but we have a remembrance from our visit eleven years ago, which can not be effaced. It is possible at such moments to realize that Persian Magi and Peruvian worshippers could bow in awe before the god of day.

*A SUNRISE.* On that morning the sky was fair. The Alpine horn, which sounds one hour before day, had called us to the Kulm, not at all unwilling. Dawn had brought the whole magnificent panorama into rosy light. But, as we were watching for the sun to come from behind the

Glaarnish, a mist rose stealthily from the valley, creeping on us before we perceived it, and had entirely enveloped the scene below, and even had wrapped our feet unnoticed; so eagerly were we watching for the sun. We were about to turn away in despair; most of the crowd did turn, and go to breakfast. We, however, remained for a few moments, hoping against hope; when, as the vapor rose above our heads, the sun rose also. We caught the first full rays through the light fleecy cloud; and behold! it was surrounded by a halo of rosy light. As we gazed in wonder, the mist and the sun continuing to rise together, the halo round the sun gradually turned to yellow.

*SUN IN  
AUREOLA.*

And as they rose a little higher, other colors appeared in succession, until we had counted five colors of the spectrum, one after the other; robing, veiling, and adorning the sun. Surely the Bridegroom never came out of his chamber in more glorious apparel. Then the mist had risen so high that the face of the sun faded and disappeared.

Wondering; not thinking that anything more could come; yet wishing for we knew not what, we lingered. In less than half an hour this light haze had blown away. But a mass of cloud was, by that

time, covering everything below the top of the Rigi. It rested apparently not twenty feet underneath us; leaving just the peak where we were standing, projecting above the snowy ocean, like a lonely rock in the midst of billows. For it was a billowy sea. Rather, it seemed as if we were realizing some of the stories of Arctic adventurers.

*AN ARCTIC  
SCENE.*

Masses of snow, in cloud-waves and drifts, lay all around us, and surged up to the very foot of the line of the mountains. And then, above this plain, the ice cliffs raised their peaks. And on them shone the sun. In all this circumference there were only those four objects: the little pinnacle on which we were standing; an immense ocean of snow billows surrounding us; the line of ice summits at whose foot its waves were stayed; and the sun, lighting every crest, and tingeing every ice dome, or peak, with crimson. The vision faded, but the remembrance remains fresh as if it were of yesterday.

The mists play strange freaks sometimes. As you may imagine from what I have written, they

*MIRAGE.*

are an important element in these mountain scenes. Last evening, not a quarter of an hour before sunset, the sun unexpectedly broke from the clouds. But soon a jeal-

ous haze dimmed the prospect. It rolled off to the east, and settled on a hill above Lowerz. It happened that I was standing, at the moment, on the edge of the hill directly between the sun and the mist, looking toward Lowerz. I saw on the top of that hill, the Kleine Mythe, the figure of a gigantic man. Raising my hat to greet him, he raised his. Waving my hat in reply to his salute, he waved his. As I moved, he moved. But the singularity of this mirage was, that he stood encircled with colors. They were not regularly arranged as in the rainbow, but were mingled; sometimes green, sometimes violet, but red prevailing.

*A SUNSET.* But speaking of sunsets. A hundred times you may ascend the Rigi, and not see one equal in glory to that which greeted us on the evening of our arrival. It had been cloudy all day. A sharp wind was, however, chasing the vapors across the Kulm. Every now and then the prospect would open. A heavy black cloud lay on the western horizon. There seemed to be an interval of clear sky near the horizon, but we could not assure ourselves of it, because above that interval, and a little below the line of vision, but far off from our mountain, was the blackest of clouds, which thoroughly hid the sun. Suddenly we were at-



tracted by what seemed to be a flash of forked lightning running along the valley between Berne and Lucerne. Its winding course added to the illusion. But it was not a flash. It stayed. It was the river Reuss, which had suddenly been smitten by the rod of God, and been turned into molten gold. Then the flash came across Lake Lucerne,

*ALCHEMY.* and it gleamed with the alchemy of heaven; and became as pure gold, in which the Refiner could see His own glory reflected. Every fleecy cloud began to accept the radiance, and became as a tissue of woven gold. The black cloud that hid the sun showed edges of silver, which soon turned to crimson, and they also swiftly changed to gold. The sun, still hidden from us, poured his flood of light full upon the cloud that lined the horizon; and it became as gold. At last the hill-tops caught the radiancy, and the valleys were filled with glory. The cloud still hid the sun from us, and from the snow mountains. They were as cold in color as in ice, forming a striking contrast to the rest of the scene.

At last the sun came down below the cloud, just before his setting. Then one of those merry mists, which had been swaying above Lake Lucerne, caught him, and wrapping its fleecy veil around

him, the royal sun became as silver; and then in an instant he turned pale as the moon. It was only for a moment, for the mist repented, and rolled away as suddenly as it came. But no sooner had the sun shown himself clearly than the mist began its play again; enveloping the sun, then dancing toward us, or shrinking away from us—in reality becoming denser or lighter; and, at every change of density, presenting the sun either in pale silver, or in a crimson glow, or in burning gold. Then it divided, dashing into two clouds, which arranged themselves on either side of the sun, like two

*TWO ANGELS.* mighty angels standing each  
with a foot on the Lucerne sea:

but light, floating and bright, as spirits of heaven. The glowing sun, hastening to his setting, now burst on all the features of the landscape, covering the whole lower surface of the cloud from which he had emerged with an effulgence beyond anything which my eyes ever looked on, and no mortal, except John Bunyan, has ever found words to describe. Looking up—above the cloud and nearer the mountains—the sky had meanwhile become almost clear. It appeared as the “body of heaven” for purity. The black mountains for a background,

tipped by pale ice; the heavens above serenely blue, and everything below them—lake, river, plain, clouds, and setting sun, one flood of flashing gold—could any earthly scene more fully represent the glorious Majesty of God?

## XXIII.

### RESULTS OF THE CONFERENCE AT LAMBETH.

*Rigi-Kulm, September.*

IN estimating the results of the late Conference at Lambeth, it is important to recollect that it was not a Synod. It was not intended that it should assume synodal functions, nor that its decisions should take any canonical character. It was not a Council, but simply a Conference. Consequently, its influence is moral.

But was not its power greater on this account? Perhaps it is too late to argue this question. Members of the Church, on both sides of the ocean, have differed widely concerning it. Some declined to attend (so it was understood), because the decisions, not being canons, would become, as they supposed, a "*brutum fulmen*." Some would not have attended had its decisions been intended to assume the shape of canons; because they deemed that a council of Bishops alone without the presbytery, or the laity, does not represent the Church,

and could not act for it. And this opinion was not confined to a few only of Bishops from our own country. Some Bishops in England hesitated to attend, until its character was distinctly defined; and it may be safely affirmed that the majority of the Bishops present would not even have gone so far as to issue an Encyclical Letter. We are to judge of the results of the Conference, therefore, entirely from their moral weight. Among these results I name—

#### I. EXTENT OF THE CHURCH.

An impression of the extent of the Protestant Episcopal Church in its affiliations with the Mother Church of England: Take a map of the world, and trace the localities of this Church. Many in England have done so for the first time, and have risen from that study astonished. One hundred Bishops assembling around the Archiepiscopal seat of Canterbury, represented one hundred and eighty-four who are united with this Church. These are working Bishops. They represent Dioceses. Run your eye down the coast of North America, beginning at Labrador, until you reach the southern boundary of Texas, then across to the Pacific, and up to Rupert's Land, and then

across to Labrador again. Over every foot of land included within that area a Diocese or Missionary District extends; and the supervision of the interests of Christ's kingdom within it, is not nominal, but real. The zeal and hard work of the Bishops of Algoma, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan, in the almost heathen district of British North-western America, are emulated by the Bishops of Nevada, Colorado, and Texas; are indeed only a fair specimen of the earnestness which characterizes the whole seventy-six Bishops of the North American Continent.

Then let your eye pass down among the islands on the Atlantic coast. From one to another, through the Bermudas and the West Indies, six Dioceses, including Haiti, almost touch each other. It will then be a long leap to the Falkland Islands; but there you have a Bishop whose labors extend to every spot on the South American continent, on both sides, as yet accessible to the influence of our Church.

Then, starting at San Francisco, let your eye move across the Pacific. At the Sandwich Islands, among the Melanasian groups, at New Zealand and in Australia, you find nineteen Dioceses. Go up to Japan, to the east coast and the west

of China, and to Ceylon, missionary Bishops are there. The great Peninsula of India is covered by Dioceses. Take the overland route by the Isthmus and the Suez Canal; at Jerusalem, at Alexandria and Cairo, at Ceylon and Malta, and Gibraltar you find our Bishops. Studying the map still, and letting your eye move from the mouth of the Red Sea down the east coast of Africa until opposite to Madagascar; on that island, and on the Continent until you reach the Cape, Dioceses touch each other. Up, above the Cape, toward the interior are several Dioceses; and now in Central and Southeastern Africa missionary jurisdictions have been established; for one of them, the Diocese of Pretoria, a Bishop has lately been consecrated. The upper boundary of these Dioceses may at some time be touched by Bishop Penick, if he pursues his way inland with the same zeal with which he has labored on the West Coast. On that West Coast of Africa we have one, and the English Church has two Bishops. At St. Helena you find another. And, going north, your eye reaches the Mother Church in her island home, where on either side she has affiliated with herself the Dioceses that cover Ireland and Scotland.

One result of this Conference, and not the least,

has been an awakening of attention to these facts. The men of this age are not easily aroused by anything which relates to the kingdom of Christ, yet here are facts which have startled men. This Church, which once—and that not many years ago—was confined to the narrow bounds of the United Kingdom, is now spread world wide. The Conference has led to a realization of this fact.

## 2. UNITY.

An impression of the substantial unity of this Church. One hundred Bishops communed together at Lambeth. They represented the religious opinions of one hundred and eighty-four Dioceses, from four distinct and independent Churches, accustomed to use four distinct Liturgies. Individually they held every shade of theological or ecclesiastical views which is known to be compatible with the most liberal interpretation of the standards of the Church of England. Not convened nor held together by human authority, each one of the members being an entirely independent Diocesan, each owing allegiance to our Lord Jesus Christ alone, these hundred Bishops met voluntarily, continued for a month to discuss important, and many of them vital, topics, both of doctrine and disci-



pline, often differed in opinion, and expressed their sentiments freely; yet at the end agreed in their conclusions with a unanimity not marred by one unpleasant feeling. The world has not misjudged in its verdict that this is *unity*.

### 3. POWER.

An impression of the power possessed by this Church. A distinguished Ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome, after the close of the former Conference at Lambeth—that of 1867—is said to have declared that it was “the greatest blow to the Roman power since the Reformation.” But if that which was merely a tentative gathering possessed such influence in one direction, will not a greater influence, in more than one direction, be produced by this, which was a gathering, not experimental, but practical, and for positive work? Such a Church is a power. The members of the Conference realized it in a manner never felt before. Some of them did not hesitate to say that the idea was as novel as it was true. One Bishop of the English Church said to me—“the presence and influence of the American Bishops, and the sight of these Colonial Bishops from all ends of the earth, as well as the discussions of these last six weeks, have made me

realize the Catholicity of the Church, in a manner which I had thought to be impossible." Such a Church does certainly possess untold power for usefulness. Its influence is greater because it is not organic, but moral. Not proceeding from the mere power of organization like that of the Roman Church, but the result of spiritual forces whose co-ordination and co-operation characterize the Church Catholic. With the exception of perhaps thirty Bishops, none have political relations or political influence. Yet who can doubt that the sentiment of the Church in all these communities largely sways public opinion? Comparing the testimony of these Bishops, it was concluded that the Churches represented in the Anglican Communion, really represented the most influential classes of society throughout the world; taking into consideration, both education, social position, wealth, and the opportunity to move all orders and degrees of men.

It was a humiliating thought. For the question at once arose in our minds, how little has our Church employed this power. What have we done for the glory of Christ, for the salvation of mankind, for the amelioration of the woes of humanity? Nor did the statistics of churches built, and mis-

sions sustained, and all sorts of benevolences fostered, and wealth bestowed by millions, alleviate the sense of humiliation. For this great fact still stood before us—the untold amount of unused power within this Church. But there is a hopeful side of it. If this Church can be made to realize its Providential position, and will seize its opportunities, there is scarcely a limit to its achievements; for there seems to be no measure for its power.

#### 4. PRIMITIVENESS.

An impression of the primitiveness of this organization. For it was perceived that in the Anglican Communion is realized the original structure of the Church; that is to say, that within it are well-organized Dioceses, independent of each other, yet bound together by a common faith, acting in concert, not by the force of an earthly centre of unity, but by conference under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and in subjection to the one Head, our Lord Jesus Christ. This is primitive. Such union, organization, and concerted action, among independent Dioceses, is precisely according to the Apostolic and Scriptural model. The realization of this possibility in the nineteenth century has been one of the astonishments resulting to the

public mind in England from this Conference. Perhaps thoughtful persons, on our side of the ocean, may find in the fact a subject for serious and grateful reflection.

#### 5. MISSIONARY WORK.

An impression of the reality and vastness of the missionary labors of this Church. It is little known in America that the Scotch Episcopal Church, and the Church in Ireland, are engaged in missions, distinctively their own. It was little understood in England how largely our American Church was engaged in missions; nor that in at least one case where the English Church has sent Bishops, our Bishops were already on the ground. It was not generally understood in England that our missions at home covered all the territory of the United States; and that we had been pioneers of the Gospel in Africa, China, and Japan. It was an agreeable surprise to many that we had encouraged the formation of a national church in Haiti, and in Mexico; and had forbore to impose on either of them any trammels, except in what is essential to unity. The new application of this old apostolical idea was seized with avidity, and our proposals to apply the principle, as soon as circumstances would

justify, to other missions, was adopted heartily. On the application of this principle was based a willingness to recognize as far as could be, and as rapidly as their own reformation would allow, the autonomy of the Armenian, and some other Oriental Churches. The real value of the work of Congregational missions in Asia Minor consists in their evangelical teaching, and in their recall of the Asian Churches to the supremacy of the Word of God. But it was felt that the attempt to impose a Congregational form of discipline upon those Episcopal Churches, could not but mar the grand work which had been accomplished by these missionaries. Consequently, the impression of the value of the principle alluded to became very strong in its application to such cases.

Such was the contribution to the missionary idea made from our side of the ocean. On the other hand, we learned from actual sight and contact with the men, and many an Englishman also realized—that is, his former knowledge became a realizing sense—that the kingdom of God has actually extended to every part of the known world. It was as if we heard a fore echo of the great voices in heaven saying, “The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and

of His Christ ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." For there stood among us, and we heard their cheering reports, missionaries who represented every nation. There were Bishops and Metropolitans, living signs that the kingdom had been established in India, in New Zealand, in Africa, in Australia, in China, in Japan. The Metropolitan of Cape Town representing eight Dioceses in South Africa. The Bishop of Adelaide representing the Metropolitan and twelve Dioceses in Australasia. The Bishop of Madras representing the Metropolitan and six Dioceses in India and Ceylon. The Primate representing seven Dioceses in New Zealand, where, even I can remember the time, that intense hostility to Christianity existed, and where the bravery and self-sacrifice of Selwyn in 1841 stirred all my soul. We heard the Bishop of China's experience of the progress of the Gospel during his nineteen years of labor. We saw the man whom God has honored, by permitting him to translate the Word into a language read by 300,000,000 of souls. And we read a letter from our Bishop Williams of Japan, giving most comforting tidings of unanimity and efficiency in the work of English and American missionaries, and of God's blessing on it. That letter was only one month in

coming from Jeddo to the Conference, and cost only five cents postage! I think that those two facts alone made a strong impression as to the gains of Christianized civilization, and the increased opportunities for co-operation in the Church's work. Besides, we heard forcible words, and plain, practical statements from the Bishop of Haiti. We heard illustrations of the great work which the Church in Canada is carrying on, from its Metropolitan, and from the Bishops of Toronto and Saskatchewan—the latter will have to travel four months to reach his home. The Bishop of Long Island summarized our Western and Southern work; and the Bishops of Nebraska, Colorado, Iowa, and Louisiana gave details which enabled our English brethren to apprehend its vastness and difficulty.

As the persons concerned were present to the eye of churches throughout the kingdom, and their speeches reached the ears of the people, the impression to which I allude is not vague, nor narrow in its range. Nor is it beyond probability to say, that never before has there existed in the public mind so real a sense of the actuality, hopefulness, and vast extent of the missionary labors of the Anglican Communion.

## 6. LITURGICAL LIBERALITY.

An impression that Liturgies ought to be conformed to national habits, needs, and modes of thought. The idea may perhaps have a wider range than to those cases to which it was confined in the discussions of the Conference. It is quite possible that our Prayer-Book was intended not to be worshipped, but to be a help to worship; and should be used and adapted as occasions demand. Certainly, we have experienced in the usage of parish churches in England, a flexibility to which we are not accustomed at home. But the principle that was adopted by the Conference went no farther than that, in the formation of national churches in missionary fields, our Church should encourage the framing of Liturgies which should conform to native modes of thought and expression, to native habits and needs. It is all-important that essential truths shall be maintained in these Liturgies. It is not less important that idiosyncrasies, of individual missionaries, shall not be allowed to stereotype themselves on such national Liturgies. Consequently, it is considered to be a most wise suggestion of the Conference that two conditions shall be imposed, viz.: the use of the Creeds, and in ad-



ministering the sacraments the preservation of the essential Scriptural terms of those two Institutions ; and also, that no such national Liturgy shall be considered as authorized until it shall have received the sanction of two Boards. One of them is to sit in England, and includes representatives from the three Churches, English, Irish, and Scotch. The other is to sit in America, and will be formed by the authority of the General Convention. As their duties will be only an examination of documents, it is not supposed that there will be any difficulty in co-operating by correspondence.

#### 7. SCEPTICISM.

An impression that the Church should measure the gravity of modern objections to Christianity, but should not be moved to extraordinary anxiety on account of them. Scepticism has always existed ; will probably continue to exist. Its forms constantly change. In each age it is a formidable antagonist, and deserves to be met with skill and bravery. But the present form is only the old scepticism under a new name, scientific infidelity. The action of the Conference has produced an impression, which I deem to be correct, that it did not regard the subject in its present aspect as of

such special anxiety that a body of Bishops should enter the arena, or express an opinion *ex cathedra*.

The subject was specially discussed. The debate was the ablest I ever listened to on any topic: nor was any element of the controversy overlooked. Yet the result of comparison of views, and of consideration by a committee, was—1st, that a suitable expression of the Church's reply to the various and constantly varying forms of scientific, historical, and critical objection could not be prepared within the limits of the session; and consequently, 2d, that it should be left to voluntary efforts of individual writers. It is hoped that as at other times, so now, able exponents and defenders of Revelation will be found in the Church who will meet the need. The Bishops were certainly impressed with the gravity of the situation, but not unduly anxious. They felt that scientific and critical investigation had thrown great light on Scripture, and on the truth of the Gospel. Every advance of true science in any direction advances the confirmation of revealed Truth. Only Sciolists are infidels. Scientists as a rule are believers. And while it is the Church's duty to watch, and to be ready in defence, it is the Church's privilege, approved by centuries of experience, to wait until

crude errors of investigators have been corrected by collisions among themselves, and indisputable facts have been discovered. At that time it will be seen, that the statements of revelation, and the facts of nature and history, were both formed by the same unerring mind and will of God.

As to inferences which unspiritual men draw from the facts of science, the Church need not be concerned. The things of God are spiritually discerned. Religious inferences are to be drawn by men who understand religion. They are not part of scientific deductions, properly so called. When facts and truths shall have been finally discerned, the time will have come for the Church to draw conclusions.

#### 8. RITUALISM.

An impression that the present aspect of Ritualism is less dangerous because it is now a revolt against lawful authority; and the good sense of the great body of the Church will in the end correct it. It seems to be generally thought that this Conference dealt wisely with this subject. Its opinion was uttered clearly, and with great unanimity, both on this topic, and on the more vital topic of enforced Confession. That both of them are of grave concern, yet comparatively of minor importance, it

will be only necessary to compare them with those grand considerations relating to the condition and influence of Christ's kingdom on the earth which have already occupied this Paper, and which occupied (with this exception) the mind and time of the Conference. All testimony agreed that this subject was not disturbing the great depths of Church-feeling. It is the shallow rill that babbles and is noisy. And already the good sense of the Church is administering the proper corrective to the extravagances and errors of the Ritualistic system.

It is said—I hope with truth—that the Rev. Mr. Tooth has accepted the decisions of the courts, and like a loyal churchman, and a loyal Englishman, has conformed his “ornaments” to the rule. If so, the fact will be very indicative. Indeed, one of the most distinguished Ritualists has said (so I am informed by a brother Bishop) that they “had asked for the living voice of the Church. They had been referred to Lay Courts for rules in spiritual affairs: but were not willing to accept such an authority. They had always been ready to obey the Church; and had only been waiting for it to speak. Now the Church had spoken. They could never hope to hear her living voice if one hundred Bishops, gathered from all quarters, and free from narrow prej-

udices, and the trammels of the Church of England, did not utter it. He thought that the Ritualists generally would yield their practice—probably not their convictions, but their practice—to this expression of the Church's mind." If this hope be not exaggerated, it will certainly appear that what a Synod could not have accomplished, the Conference has done by moral influence.

#### 9. DISESTABLISHMENT.

An impression unfavorable to immediate disestablishment. It is evident that a reaction has taken place in the public mind as regards the value of the connection of the English Church with the State, both as it may affect the permanence of British institutions, and as it does influence the progress of Christianity. How far the Conference has stimulated this reaction it is not easy to say. Certainly, no word was uttered in the Conference which favored disestablishment; and some strong words, from unexpected quarters, were incidentally spoken against it. It is not necessary to say that American Bishops, speaking to English audiences, could not so violate courtesy as to interfere with a domestic question; but, when appealed to, their statements of facts and their

opinions were freely given, and patiently considered. It was evident that these facts were not always thought to weigh greatly in the scale in favor of disestablishment. What we rejoiced in, and found entirely suited to our circumstances, might not be the wisest for the English nation, being a monarchy, to try.

Another class of considerations produced much impression. The Church of England, as a State Church, and largely in virtue of its opportunities as an Establishment, had brought to pass this marvelous exhibition of missionary extension. Nor was it without some feeling of just pride that Englishmen welcomed from all parts of the earth, and from one nation which was not a part of England, Churches that rightly regard her Church with reverence as their mother. There seemed to be some doubt whether a system that had accomplished so much had not best be left untouched. It is quite certain, that, at present, the majority of Englishmen are heartily in accord with the system of their national Church.

#### IO. OUR CHURCH.

An impression favorable to our Church in the United States. Not only have our Bishops reason

to be gratified by the brotherly attentions, the abundant hospitality, and the unmistakable kindness received, but by the respect shown to the Church itself. Our Bishops were listened to in pulpit, and on platform, with the utmost consideration. The condition and progress of our Church was a topic of constant inquiry, and of favorable remark.

The American idea that the Laity are an essential element in Church legislatures, has made much progress in England, and especially in the Colonies. It is not more American than Scriptural. And the necessities of the Establishment have now contributed to impress it. The most influential Churchman, a layman, with whom I conversed on the topic, said: "We agree with you that the Church needs at this moment the concerted action of her laymen of power and position. This is the opinion of the large body of our important Church members. At present the clergy do not seem to be of our mind. But the opinion is growing." Certainly, if the Church of England could gather into some national council, the suffrages and weight of character of her laity—than whom there is not a more influential church membership on the earth—she need fear nothing. Under God, such men, combined with 20,000 clergy, and Bishops such as

adorn her bench, with two such Archbishops to organize and lead, would wield irresistible power over the national mind and heart.

If the example of our Church and the presence of our Bishops in England have added anything to the force of this idea, our part in the Lambeth Conference of 1878 will have been of incalculable value.



## XXIV.

### GENEVA, AND MONT BLANC.

THE weather has become so treacherous lately in Switzerland, that we have abandoned our plans for travelling over either Passes. On the morning of the 4th, for the first time in six days, the sun rose in a clear sky on the Rigi; but although gloriously bright, where we were walking to greet his appearance at half-past four, the whole of the landscape (which I have heretofore described) below us, was shrouded in clouds. They hung at least 2,000 feet lower than the Kulm. The world was sleeping in an atmosphere which betokened for it a miserably wet day; while we were looking on the glorious face of the sun without a cloud, and the mountain tops had welcomed him with rosy smiles. We had reached a higher plane. We were not looking with different eyes from other men, but from a different stand-point. We could not fail to read the lesson; but it is too trite for repetition.

*DESCENT  
THROUGH  
CLOUDS.*

It was a strange sensation, about eight o'clock, as we were going down by the rail, suddenly to plunge into the cloud, which lay motionless and heavy over the lake; and in a moment to lose sight of the mountain heights, indeed of everything, except the carriage in which we were sitting. But in fifteen minutes we had gotten through to the lower side of the clouds, and then the busy world of towns, and the lake, crowded with vessels, came in sight. There was no rain; but it was a damp and murky day, and so we were suddenly transported to another world. Our view was now entirely reversed; for every hill and mountain was hidden. Nothing save the misty surface of the lake and the dull average of plain appeared. Between us and the sun lay an impenetrable cloud-land. Such are the sudden reversals of human experience.

On the boat we met an English clergyman, who interested us much by recounting parts of his experience in Australia. The same sad questions which arise among us, whenever the white race comes in contact with aborigines, are there also employing the heart of the Colonial Church. He told me tales of oppression, deceit, and cruelty,

*AUSTRALIAN  
BORDER LIFE.*

by the border men of Australia, in their dealing with the natives, which could not be equalled anywhere, except on the line which divides our territories from the Indian tribes. How often he reminded me of dear brother Whipple; as almost in despair, yet believing in the righteous vengeance of God, he utters his protest against wrongs which are leading the natives to revenge, and the whites to retaliating wars.

At Geneva, our new church was the first object of interest. When I remember the anxieties of our brethren in Geneva, three years ago, it was difficult to realize that the church had been built and consecrated. It had been dedicated to its holy purposes by Bishop Littlejohn, about a fortnight since. Our Consul, Major Montgomery, has taken a lively part in pressing the work to a conclusion; and he kindly took us to see the building. It is of stone. The present structure is really only the nave of what, in the result, will be a cruciform church. Its proportions will be good, and its exterior handsome. The present front, surmounted by a stone cross, is graceful and attractive. The interior shows loving work; but also

indicates narrow means, which should not be, in a community that all the year round contains a large body of American society. A richly-carved chair has been provided for the Bishop, the workmanship exhibiting that skill in wood-carving for which the Swiss are famous. An elegant font stands in front of the chancel, given by Mr. Norris, *A FONT* of Philadelphia, a memorial of a *GENEVRA.* daughter Genevra who died at Geneva. It is rich, and in genuine taste. It was carved in Philadelphia, and sent out to our little church in Switzerland. The efforts of our brethren to perfect this church ought to meet with liberal sympathy.

Of course, we did not miss our last opportunity of seeing the effect of sunset on Mont Blanc. We have never had a finer view of it from Geneva; for not only is the new hotel—the National—so placed as to face the mountain, and to secure an extended prospect of the range: but, that nothing might be wanting to the perfection of the prospect, we took the trouble to travel to the roof of the house, and were well rewarded. For from the Belvidere nothing interfered with the panorama. The Jura range behind us. The city of Geneva at our feet. The lovely lake

*THE PANORAMA.*

stretching off to the east, and partly interposed between us and the mountains. And the majestic peaks and the Dome of Mont Blanc covered with perpetual snow, lifted 15,000 feet above the sea. As the sun sank from our sight, the whole range was bathed in crimson. It illumined our farewell view of the Alps.

A little nearer to the sun a thunder-cloud had just completed its refreshing task, and on the last shower the last rays had painted a glorious bow. The almost level lines of light projected the rainbow a complete half-circle; and soon above it appeared the double of the refraction: so that upon the black background of the cloud sprang two arches of colored light, reflecting the radiancy of the heavenly city with its walls built in of every precious stone. After this "solemn pomp of orange, purple, and crimson and burning gold," the vision faded into indistinguishable night. Then sparkled out the evening star, "like a great tremulous tear of light just ready to fall on a darkened world."

## XXV.

### OUR CHURCH IN PARIS.

LATE on Saturday evening we arrived in this strange city. There is no second Paris in the world ; no city where attraction and repulsion are so equal. The natural result of this balance of forces is rest ; a visitor generally remains in Paris, if he once gets there. It has a singular fascination. We note an encouraging fact, that, amidst all its thronging gayety, a pure Protestant religion is rapidly gaining foothold, and that our own Church, and that of England, are holding steady influences over those who speak our tongue. A large resident population now represents the Anglo-Saxon race in Paris, besides the thousands of travellers who are merely birds of passage. Several English chapels are open. Our own church is open four times each Lord's day, besides the week-day services. Rev. Mr. Morgan, our rector, is most zealous, patient, and devoted. The church is too

*TOO SMALL.*

small. Possibly it may accom-

modate those of the residents who desire to attend in the winter; but it does not seat a moiety of those who wish to attend in the summer. Surely it should be enlarged. Large donations are in hand for the commencement of the work. There can be little doubt that if the work were once well begun, a noble edifice would soon appear in answer to the energy of the Rector, and in accord with the wealth and liberality of Americans who frequent this capital.

The Bishop of Long Island, in charge of the churches on the Continent, is making his visitation to Paris. His sermon on Sunday morning (Sept. 8th) produced a profound impression. I have never seen him more aroused; and the tremendous force of the truths which he was enunciating was reflected in his eloquent manner. His subject was

*A STRONG,  
BOLD SERMON.*

“Hallowed be Thy name.”

Passing by ordinary and vulgar blasphemy, which indicates a mind so much lowered in the moral scale that it can no longer appreciate reverence for God, he devoted himself to modern forms of irreverence—not failing to call them by their true term, *Blasphemy*.

*SCEPTICISM.*

1. Those forms of irreverence for God’s Word and sacred things,

which have taken to themselves the inappropriate name of scientific and critical scepticism ; the first result of which has been to weaken general reverence for the Creator, and for His revelation of truth.

*PANTHEISM.*

2. That particular form of irreligion which is termed Pantheism ; in which God, nature, and man are confounded, by which good and evil, righteousness and sin, reward and punishment, are treated as one and the same ; in which, indeed, there is no recognition of a personal God, or of a responsible human being.

*HERO-WORSHIP.*

3. The irreverence of hero-worship. False ideas current concerning Force and Power as objects of adoration, lead men to obliviousness of moral excellence as the true object of worship, and of Moral Perfection as the true sign of Divinity.

*DEGRADED ART.*

4. That irreverence which exhibits itself in modern art. On this point he made a telling contrast between the ephemeral art of the present, and the ever-living power of ancient art, tracing the cause to the reverential love and fear of God which imbued the souls of such painters as Savonarola and Raphael, and such sculptors as Michael Angelo when he wrought his Moses, each of them studying Script-



ure in order to be in harmony with their chosen themes.

I have seen a commentary on it to-day at the Exhibition. The French halls of paintings and sculpture are crowded with statues and pictures, about equally divided between lust and cruelty. The English halls are full of pure and lovely creations. The American hall (with one exception) is lined with sweet pictures of nature, and beautiful scenes that lead one's thoughts to God through His works. What account is to be given of the cause that leads to such a marked distinction in art? Nothing, except that the Anglo-Saxon race of painters and sculptors have studied in a moral atmosphere, which is full of reverence for moral truth and God.

*LIBERALISM.* 5. The Bishop's fifth denunciation of irreverence was still more powerful, and still more needed in these evil times. He showed how false theology, the pride of individual opinion, the self-conceit of irreverent independent interpretation of Scripture, were setting at naught the most sacred truths of God's Word; the doctrines of responsibility, of sin, of the atonement, of the judgment, and of future punishment for the perseveringly impenitent. I wish that I could give you any idea of his scathing rebuke of this Liberalism,

without doing injustice to his masterly delineation. But the crowning point of all was, that this modern interpretation of the idea of sin—this placing a devil but a little lower in the moral scale than an angel—this representation of an unrepenting sinner as travelling on the same road with every saint, toward heaven at last—was, in a fearful sense, blasphemy against the character of the Holy God, and the pure and suffering Saviour.

You will rejoice with me that such clear, outspoken Scriptural truth is heard from the Bishop who, for the present, is charged with a responsible duty in leading religious opinion in Paris.

## XXVI.

### BRITISH MUSEUM ON SCIENTIFIC SCEPTICISM.

*London.*

“FROM Paris to London” is a brief line; but it includes the passage of the roughest of seas. All tides, unnumbered currents, winds of every name, seem to find a merry place of meeting in the channel between France and England, and their dance is the wildest, so that even to look at it makes most people dizzy. The only effective vessel thus far invented is that by which our passage was facilitated—the double steamer. Two steamers run side by side, covered by one deck and making one vessel. It is very steady. The motion is reduced to a minimum.

*GAUL TO  
ENGLEWOLD.*

“From Paris to London” is a little way; but it implies the passage from a Gallic to an Anglo-Saxon people; from an impulsive, thoughtless nation, careless (in the sense of being apparently without care), godless (in the sense of having ap-

parently no religion), and grasping, to a nation in each particular the opposite, except in the last named. For, in the moment that you have set your foot in England, you feel that the community is steady, grave, thoughtful, burdened with care, religiously inclined; but also thoroughly set on making money. The French save. The English get.

The brief passage of the channel places one among a nobler race; a race capable of ruling, and intended by Providence to be dominant. Perhaps, in all such thoughts, there is a trifle of self-gratulation, when they are indulged by an American. But the extension and power of the Anglo-Saxon race is not only a marvel; it should arrest attention. Is there not a Providence in it? All people, except the English-speaking nations, appear to have reached their limits, and are rectifying their boundaries without real extension; most of them are diminishing. The Anglo-Saxons alone are reaching out on all sides, and steadily growing. The change of Queen Victoria's title by the addition of Empress, was marvellously significant. What do these facts mean? One aspect of them was deeply impressed on my mind by a visit to the

## BRITISH MUSEUM.

In this wonderful collection have been gathered the results of thousands of explorations in all departments of Natural Science, Archæology, Geography, and Bibliography. Merely to walk through the rooms, glancing here and there without taking time to examine anything, is two or three hours' hard work. But for study in any of these departments, there seems no limit to the materials offered.

As we stood wondering at the giant  
*WHY?* stones brought from Nineveh, the inscriptions from Babylon, the pottery libraries of Sennacherib, the statues and mummies and papyri from Egypt, engraved relics from Greece, and the Rosetta stone, which furnished the key to these treasures of history, we asked ourselves: "Why has God sent them here, and why to God-fearing England, rather than to any godless people?" There is only one satisfactory reply, and thoroughly satisfactory. And it is doubly significant when one considers the timeliness of the later of these discoveries.

Here, on stones, and upon baked pottery, on old papyri, and in inscriptions upon rings, which had been buried until the time came that their speech

was needed, is the refutation of a whole class of infidel objections to the precious Book of God! Wonderful is the silence and reticence of the Great Ruler, whilst men who think themselves wise, indulge in sparkling witticisms as to the fallacy of prophets and historians of Scripture. One after

another of these curiosities come to  
*THE BIBLE.* the British Museum. The wise men are sure that they have found an antiquity that reaches far beyond the creation. Members of the French Academy, reasoning rashly from a horoscope found on the ceiling in the Temple of Dendera, at once set Moses aside as a mere writer of fables. The great God waits. He sets a Layard and a Wilkinson at work. More curiosities are brought in. The Rosetta stone has given a key to more wonders than the finders of it imagined. History begins to write itself again. And the more it re-writes from the monuments, the more quietly it ranges its events alongside of Moses and the prophets. At last Smith begins to read the

pottery library of Nineveh.  
*MOSES AND* Every fresh chapter corre-  
*THE PROPHEETS.* sponds accurately with Script-  
 ure. The whole account of both Egyptian and Assyrian invasions of Palestine is read as the Bi-

ble records it. The statue in black marble which commemorates the reign of one of the Pharaohs, is found to be that of the very one who perished in the Red Sea pursuing his slaves. Rameses the Great is found to have been the oppressor of the Hebrews. Then the Assyrian library gives the story of the flood as Moses wrote it. And then, these ancient histories are found to *cease to speak*, at an age long posterior to that from which Moses dates his annals. So that by its own testimony this marvellous antiquity which had boasted that by these monuments it would prove Moses to be a mere fabulist, and the world to have been senile at the date when Moses said that it was born, is shown to be far younger than the history of the Bible.

A sort of irony seems to display itself, in the finding side by side with these histories of great deeds, unknown during 3,000 or 4,000 years, except for Moses, a plaster pyramid, which is nothing but

*ASSYRIAN  
DEED OF SALE.*

the deed of sale of a piece of land near Nineveh, giving metes and bounds and price and signatures of the parties; lands and owners together, all dust, and forgotten! It is a baked piece of pottery in a pyramidal form, about nine inches

high, inscribed on all four sides with arrow-headed letters.

These treasures were placed in English hands rather than in the hands of any godless people, because a religious people alone would use them for the glory of God. Is not that the right interpretation? Go now to the magnificent library. There you are in possession of what will correct the errors of critical infidelity. Next visit the halls, crowded with specimens of all birds and fish and animals. There you see with your own eyes what modifies the theory of development, reduces it to reasonable limits, and renders it an adjunct to the story of creation. The step from the brute gorilla, seen there, to man, is still as great as the step from any species to another. God has placed the evidence of this fact in the hands of the British Museum. You may go there and look it out for yourself. Or you may take your children there, and their keen, childish discernment will tell you that God's history of the creation is true. He created distinct races of living things. Never has one race passed into another. The types are as separate to-day as they were nearly 6,000 years ago.



## A REGIMENT AT THE ABBEY.

One Sunday morning, early, we were startled by the sound of drums and the tramp of soldiers, near Westminster. Hurrying to the windows, we saw

*THE GUARDS  
IN WORSHIP.*

a regiment of the Guards defiling into the nave of the Abbey.

A moment, and we followed them, reaching our places, whilst the magnificent band of the Grenadiers was filling the Abbey with its harmonies, and the chaplain in his surplice was walking to his desk, between files of six hundred men. They were in full dress, with side arms. The choir was composed of the drummer boys, and a squad of men from the band. The instruments were the reeds, flutes, horns, and others of brass. The band leader was precentor.

And then began a rendering of the service, which, for thrilling effect, coupled with simplicity, surpassed all efforts of cathedral choirs, although assisted by the grandest of organs. Such hearty responses, such vigorous singing, such disciplined devotion, such a volume of manly voices! And

*A REGIMENTAL  
TE DEUM.*

when the old Te Deum—Jackson's—burst forth, led by those well-drilled, harmonious instru-

ments ; when the shrill cornet and the soft-voiced flute, sustained by brazen trumpets, and mellowed by the diapason of horn and trombone, took up the notes ; when on those waves of sound there rang through arch and corridor, there rose along the fretted roof and returned in echoes from aisles dim in the distance, the continued cry of the cherubim and seraphim,

“ Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth ;  
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory : ”

and the song of the redeemed,—

“ When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,  
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers : ”

the rapture of devotion was full-filled.

Three times we heard that service ; at each time a different regiment, but an equally drilled band. The bands of the household troops, it is allowed, are not surpassed by any in the world ; and when all that skill is turned to glorify God, and rouse the devotions of His worshippers, the effect may be imagined, but can not adequately be described.

*THE GOSPEL.* Blessed be God ! The sermons that followed on two of these occasions, were overflowing with the Gospel. They were short, for the preacher had only fifteen min-

utes—pithy, sententious, clear as crystal in the representation of the sinner's need, and full of affectionate telling of the old story of a Saviour's love. The red-coated men were very reverent and attentive, and evidently impressed.

Their garrison chapel was being rebuilt. Meanwhile, Dean Stanley had allowed the regiments to use the Abbey nave for an hour each Sunday morning.

## XXVII.

### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

WE have spent a day in renewing our recollections of this University. On our previous visit, Simeon, the faithful prophet of the Evangelical revival, had lately gone to his rest, and his mantle had fallen on the willing shoulders of Carus. But now we missed Carus also, for he had been transferred to Winchester. Indeed, as it was vacation, most of those whose names we have known were absent. I could only find the Rev. Mr. Munroe, Senior Fellow of Trinity, who made his reputation by devotion to the Latin classics and literature. No one could have been more attentive than he, or could have facilitated our view of the buildings and grounds, or replied to my queries, in a more satisfactory manner.

The group of colleges lies generally along one street, and looks back upon a most lovely park, through the green aisles and greener sward of which

*PARK.* the Cam winds by many a gentle turning.  
Over the river tasteful bridges are thrown.

Each college tends its own share of this heritage. By a somewhat modern compact, most of these separate lawns are practically thrown into one grand park; and it is a feature of glorious beauty. It would not interest you to hear how many colleges there are, and how many halls and libraries and chapels we visited; but when you go to Cambridge, do not fail, among the thirteen or fifteen colleges, to see the library of Christ College, for it contains some great curiosities; nor the Chapel of St. John's, which is singularly rich and quaint in its ornamentation, although quite modern. The panels of the ceilings contain portraits (or what are the substitutes for portraits) of persons who have distinguished each Christian century to the nineteenth; the later centuries being distinguished by the portrait of the foundress of the college, and of the great men who have graduated from it.

*TO BE SEEN.* Among them is a picture of Henry Martyn. You go to see Caius College; call it "Keys." Between these you will find old Trinity. There you will linger among the courts and corridors, the apartments of the Fellows, and the rooms for under-graduates, the cloisters, and the grand old kitchen, than which no Baron's could have been more ample. You will sit in the chapel,

and study the old oak carvings and the rich storied windows. You will see Milton and Bacon in marble.

Then perhaps you will gain admission to the University Library. If you happen to find the librarian (a brother-in-law of our good Bishop Oxenden of Canada) you will hap upon a very genial companion, and will see the treasures to the greatest advantage. Hall after hall, up-stairs and down, in galleries, and in cases absolutely cumbering the floors, yet so skilfully arranged that you can see and get at every book in the collection, you will count if you can—I asked him how many. “Oh,”

*LIBRARY.* he said, “I do not know exactly. We are always adding. Some two or three hundred thousand!” Two or three hundred thousand books! When shall we see such a library at Gambier?

One of the rooms, containing a large library quite complete in itself, was given by George I.; and several large additions, complete in themselves, on special topics, have been presented by individuals. In this library (if my memory serves) stands the statue of Byron which was refused by Westminster Abbey. The statue is graceful and very beautiful, executed by Thorwaldsen; but as the artist never had seen the poet, it is idealized. His

figure is youthful, seated on a ruined Grecian column; one of his limbs is drawn up, but the awkwardness of position is redeemed by the extension of the other limb and foot below the prostrate column. Thus you look on the full length of the figure. A cloak is thrown gracefully around the form, giving something of classical effect. Near the statue is a case, containing the first letter ever written by the boy. It is more pleasant reading, and more profitable, than some of his later productions as a matured poet.

In one of the halls is a grand statue of Macaulay. In the Senate Hall stands Pitt. You will of course search them all out when you visit Cambridge. It is not necessary to exhort you to see King's College Chapel. It is the gem of Cambridge. The

*KING'S  
CHAPEL.*

roof ceiling is formed by such an interlacing of radiating lines, springing from separate centres, that it appears like a rich network. Only two other specimens of the same exist, it is said. One we saw at Peterborough in the rear of the choir. The other is the chief ornament of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster. The arch between each spandrel is so flat, that is to say, each section of the ceiling between the supporting arches is so flat, that all

architects have found in it a puzzle, as to the mode of construction and support. The college once offered a large prize to any one who would discover the key-stone. Even Christopher Wren declared that he could not venture to build such a ceiling, and that he could not find the key-stone unless by taking down a portion of the fabric.

*UNIVERSITY  
SYSTEM.*

The University system, and the College system, both at Cambridge and Oxford, are being unified under late Acts of Parliament. The results are not altogether satisfactory as yet. Some friction was to be expected. While some gains will certainly be made, they will be set off most surely by irreparable losses to the religious influence of both Universities, and to the hold which the Church will retain upon those who seek for higher education. Time alone can show whether evil or good will preponderate in the new legislation.

*Peterborough.*

On our way we remained overnight at Peterborough; but while we had a glimpse of the majestic old cathedral, we missed seeing the Bishop—the eloquent and attractive Prelate who represents Evangelical interests so ably. His modest palace



is close to the cathedral; lies beneath its very shadow. The cathedral is Norman, *NORMAN* strong and rude, but verging on the *CATHEDRAL.* old English, which introduced the gothic tracery. The roof of the nave is flat. But as one enters the choir he is conscious of a less antique taste. The columns are lightened by smaller columns carved out of the old Norman, forming a group; the plain round arch becomes slightly pointed; and the ornamental carving begins to show an approach to the graceful forms of the true gothic. The music at the Daily Morning Prayer was especially delightful. The boys voices were particularly sweet. And the aged Canon Pratt read the lessons of God's Word with a rich, mellow voice that filled all the choir with harmony. It was a rare treat.

## XXVIII.

### EDINBURGH, AND SCOTCH EPISCOPACY.

*Edinburgh.*

IT is thirty years this month since we first shared the hospitality of this beautiful city. Detained by illness, for five months, we experienced a kindness and brotherly attention which have ever bound us very closely to Edinburgh, and the Scotch. Dean Ramsay, the gentle, good, witty, kindly rector of St. John's, invited me to his pulpit, and so introduced us to that circle of which he was the accepted centre. Bishop Terrett then filled the Episcopal seat. Dr. Simpson was adding renown to an already famous medical staff, and making Edinburgh a resort for invalids. Hamilton, the intellectual Philosopher; Forbes, the Naturalist, the discoverer of glacial motion and of its rate; Wilson (Christopher North, of "Noctes Ambrosianæ") was lecturing on Morals; Aytoun, the graceful Poet, was reading to the students charming studies in Belles Lettres: all these in the University. I

THIRTY  
YEARS AGO.

joined their classes. Lord Wood and Lord Hope adorned the Bench. In society, Miss Sinclair, the authoress, was shining ; and Anderson, although blind, was kindling perpetual sunshine from his own mental resources. Ferguson, a dear, good, earnest soldier of the Cross, who shortly after fell a martyr to his zeal for duty and his self-sacrificing spirit, was my most intimate friend. You will not wonder that we desired to renew our recollection of this pleasant city, although that generation had passed away with which we were specially acquainted. All whose names I have mentioned have joined "the innumerable caravan," which in continuous, unbroken line of march connects the shores of this desert land with the happy hills of the land of rest.

We were most kindly received, and entertained, by the Rev. Dr. Sandford, successor to Dean Ramsay in St. John's. And I preached in that pulpit on Sept. 29th. By a singular coincidence, thirty years ago, on that very day of September, Sunday, I preached for the venerable Dean. What changes thirty years have wrought !

## THE SCOTCH EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Especially I mark a wonderful change in the position of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Not only has it been expressly recognized by the Church of England in both Conferences, but it has become a power only less marked than the Presbyterian Establishment. A striking evidence is, that whilst the division of the Presbyterian Church caused by the Free Church schism has become widened and apparently permanent, the separatists who call themselves the Church of England in Scotland have become fewer and feebler. It is not far to find the reason. Perhaps it may be instructive. The Church in Scotland has become more tolerant and conservative. Thirty years ago two causes led to the separation, and carried a large number of most earnest Evangelical Churchmen into a movement, which sheltered itself from the name of schism, by using the shield of the Church of England. Those causes were the exclusive use of the Scotch office of the Lord's Supper, and the forbidding of prayer-meetings. Now, I worship in the leading church in Edinburgh, where, in the morning we commune, using the office of the Church of England; and no

other is known there. In the evening, the custom during Advent and Lent is to follow the sermon by a request to the people to remain for a prayer-meeting, in which exhortation, prayer, and personal conversation with those who desire it, is the usage. Thus, both the causes that led to the withdrawal of members have passed away, at least in Edinburgh. The schism continues, indeed, but with very little vigor; and members are frequently dropping back into the Church. It is a curious illustration of the liberty and toleration of the Church, that this very custom of "prayer-meeting" is, in this particular Church, preceded by a choral service grandly rendered by a strong choir in surplices. An additional reason for the new and strong position of the Scotch Episcopal Church is, that its members no longer hold themselves aloof from union with Christians of any name, in any good work which will not compromise their principles. Consequently, a feeling of Christian brotherhood is being developed; which, as always in the end, works to dispelling prejudice against the Church, leads to inquiry as to its usages and acquaintance with it, and, of course, to its healthy growth.

## THE CATHEDRAL.

What was deemed an idle dream thirty years ago, is nearly a reality to-day. A noble cathedral is so far completed that the nave will be opened for worship probably within this next month; and the transepts, choir, and tower will be completed within two years. Two Churchwomen left a legacy of £200,000—\$1,000,000—for this purpose; and under the guidance of the Bishop (Cotterill) the plan of Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect, is being so carried out, that although he is dead, his genius will speak in these magnificent lines for ages to come. The building has been pronounced to be the most perfect ecclesiastical work since the Reformation.

It is in the ornamented old English style, which approaches the Gothic, but retains some of the stronger Norman or Saxon features. More distinctly than in any church which I am acquainted with, is here revealed the beautiful idea of a luxuriant alley and grove of trees, wealthy in foliage, by some miracle of art consolidated into stone. As you enter through a doorway, covered with rich tracery, and of low arch, like those which you find in a wood, you lift your head under a canopy which is

*A GROVE  
IN STONE.*

supported by strong single columns of stone, like huge oak or elm trunks. They have sprung up toward heaven a hundred feet or more. The stone trunks, alternately round and octagonal, throw out at each corner of their foot a stone root, which seems to take hold of the heavy base. I never saw this feature elsewhere, although it is said to be found among the most ancient structures. As you pass to the left, or the right, these stone trees throw out graceful branches which arch over, about fifty feet from the ground, forming aisles; and

*ALLEYS.* the spreading branches seem to leave

spaces for the light to come through, which are indeed the windows; and the light is colored with all glorious rays, as you have seen it in a forest when the sun is setting, and when between the play of the swaying leaves and the radiant mists of evening, the grove seems full of rainbow tints.

But in the central alley (the nave) the stone trunks, facing each other, throw off no branches, until they have grown together to a hundred feet. Then from both sides the tree tops mingle their arms and their leaves, until the whole ecclesiastical grove is roofed over by a canopy of exquisite tracery, and from side openings is filled full of

“storied” light. The idea of such an architectural design is too beautiful to have come from any other mind than that of God; and therefore I conclude that the old monkish ecclesiastics, who were reverent students of nature, caught it from God’s groves. In this cathedral of Edinburgh you will realize the truth of it. From the centre of the intersection of transepts, and nave, and choir, a tower is builded. It is one hundred and fifty feet in height now; and from this base a spire of one hundred and fifty feet is to reach up far into the sky.

The carving in this church is something wonderful. The Saviour in majesty is represented on one front. The Saviour as the Shepherd, *CARVING.* on another. The Saviour as holding the keys, on another. It reminded me of the Armenian Patriarch’s saying in Jerusalem—“The Lord gave the keys to Peter, but St. John tells us in the Revelation that he could not trust Peter to keep them, and so continues to hold them Himself.” Over the north transept door, in a cluster of five niches, the Bishop has placed what he calls his Episcopal Lesson. The centre figure is St. Paul; on his right and left are St. Luke and Silas; and on their right and left the Bishops Timothy and Titus. The fund is sufficient to complete the



cathedral in every detail, and to leave a large income for its support.

When shall our Church in Cleveland be able to rejoice before God for such a church, around which the Bishop can gather his missionary forces, and in which the people can worship every day, receiving the Gospel without money and without price? Lord! hasten the day!

## XXIX.

### THE SHEFFIELD CONGRESS.

*Sheffield, Oct. 1-5, 1878.*

MY visit to England has been prolonged only that I might have an opportunity of attending this important Church assembly, of which the honor of Vice-Presidency had been tendered to the Bishops from the United States. I had promised to take part in the proceedings. Bishops Lee, Stevens, Robertson, and Perry were also present.

We were guests at the hospitable home of Mr. Thomas Firth ; a lovely, quiet spot, just beyond a spur of the hills outside of the city, which shut it both from the noise and the smoke of busy Sheffield. Here, amidst fields and flowers, with views of green hills and dewy meads, enlivened by merry friends, who knew much of Canada and the States, Bishop Robertson and we found the intervals between the sessions of the Congress pass all too quickly.

The Congress has now become an institution of the English Church. This is the eighteenth annual

session. It is presided over by the Archbishop of York, is attended by some twelve or fifteen Bishops, and by a vast crowd of dignitaries of the Church, and by working clergymen and laymen.

*MEMBERS.* The sessions are crowded, and not only replete with interest, but give opportunity to churchmen and churchwomen to express their sentiments from the benches in a boisterous manner unknown to us.

Great efforts have been made to prevent Evangelical men from attending this Congress—with what success you may judge from the fact, that the Bishop of Ripon preached the sermon, and Canon Ryle has been a prominent speaker. Indeed, it is evident that Evangelical views are largely in the ascendant among the audience. But special care has been taken that each party in the Church shall be represented by a well-known advocate, and that each shall say his say with perfect freedom.

The Bishop of Ripon's sermon was a clear and forcible presentation of the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit.

*ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.* The Archbishop's opening address was manly, frank, outspoken, to a degree that surprised many, when they regarded his peculiar position. He took a

stand in direct antagonism to the unruly among the Ritualists, and in referring to the Lambeth Conference, adopted and applauded to the letter its decisions. I wish you could have heard the applause when he said that "the Ritualists had made an attempt to draw the Church of England Romeward, and had failed ; and that he counselled them now to abandon the struggle and accept the defeat ; for the Church of England, under the lead of its Bishops, did not intend ever to go back to Rome or allow any approach to it." Such a roar of cheers ! stamping, clapping ! It was a bedlam let loose ; but a bedlam that had a mind of its own. It took a long time for the dust to settle ; but you could see in the faces of men and women that the Archbishop had touched the key-note of their resolution.

*SCIENCE AND  
REVELATION.*

Tuesday evening's debate on Science and Revelation did not reach the measure of need. The papers were able, but the debate that followed was not strong. One thing, however, was observable : all readers and speakers spoke hopefully. They agreed that the present contest was not new, but only\* revived ; and the attack was already being weakened by differences among the attacking

party. Nothing had yet shaken any foundation of faith.

*CHURCH  
COMPREHENSION.*

On Wednesday morning, during three hours, the debate on Church Comprehensiveness waxed hot. Hon. Mr. Wood, President of the Church Union, the Ritualist Society, which defends Mackonochie, accepted the Archbishop's challenge. He recounted all the wrongs of the Ritualists, and certainly spoke with perfect frankness. It seemed as if his party had filled the hall, so tremendous was their applause.

Rev. Mr. Davis followed in a temperate and able defence of Broad-Churchism; in the course of which, however, he separated himself from the Ritualists, by asserting the grave distinction between doctrinal opinion, which is the expression of an individual mind, and Ritual, which is the property and expression of the Church. Variations in the former may be tolerated; but uniformity in the second must be enforced.

When Canon Ryle came forward, the audience at once showed on which side their sympathies lay. The Ritualists' "No! No!" was lost in continuous applause. He spoke without reserve. He read the extremes of errors out of the Church;

those which lead to Socinianism on one side, and to Rome on the other; and denounced the errors of Broad-Churchism, its negations of great saving truths of the Gospel, as they deserved. And then he gave a list of the great and good representative men, who, being on all sides within the limits of truths as proved by Scripture, and testified to by the Creeds and Articles and Rubrics of the Prayer-Book, no one would for a moment think of wishing to have been excluded from the Church of England. It was a paper so moderate and true that it produced a great effect.

One of the highest churchmen as well as a distinguished dignitary, said to me afterward, "However one may differ in some things from Canon Ryle, his paper I like best of all."

The debate became acrimonious and somewhat personal toward the last, and was continually interrupted by applause and counter applause from the benches, until the hall assumed an aspect, to say the least, surprising to us, and by no means dignified. Whether such a discussion tends to the progress of truth, I doubt. Certainly it excites animosities which do not leave much room for the approach of that truth which is indeed first pure, but closely after, is peaceable and gentle.

*MISSIONS.* The subject of Missions in general was discussed on Tuesday afternoon.

Bishop Stevens read a very able paper on the topic.

The particular branch of Missions included in the term Woman's Work was discussed on Thursday. Bish-

*WOMAN'S WORK.* op Bedell read a paper on it, in the course of which he laid before the Congress information as to Woman's Work contained in documents furnished at his request by the Secretary, Miss Emery, by the Massachusetts Branch, by the Mexican League, and others, and by Mrs. Welsh; all the documents being placed at the disposal of the President of the Congress.

He took occasion during his address to express the feeling current in America toward the Queen, as representing so truly the virtues of domestic life. "God had chosen women as His special instruments, at great crises of the Church history of Britain—Eigen, Bertha, Elizabeth." I copy from the reporter's notes :

"And once again, in this age, England was feeling the influence of social upheavings in France. Domestic life, the very bulwark of England's strength, was threatened. Then  
*THE QUEEN.* God placed upon the throne a

Christian wife and mother, a model for the world of all womanly graces and domestic virtues. (Loud cheers). And thus in an age that was learning to speak lightly of the sanctity of family life, not England alone, but all who speak the English tongue, received from her Majesty Victoria and Albert her noble Consort, the idea of home, restored to its purity, sanctified by religion, and illuminated by undying love. (Loud cheers). . . .”

He continued: “The most happy results of ‘woman’s work’ in this age have been reached without disturbing the ties or relationship of family life, and their most blessed influence has arisen from the fact that women, fresh from the amenities of home, and full of domestic affection, have carried the sympathies and awakened the memories of a home, in camp, and hospital, and school, and among navvies and mechanics, and in the hovels of the poor. Noble women, fresh from the sweetness of home-life, have carried with them its fragrance and moral beauty as one main element of their power;” (applause) naming Miss Whateley, of Cairo in Egypt, Florence Nightingale, Miss Marsh, and coupling with them Miss Welsh and her daughters at Frankford in his own country. “Christian women in the United States have made noble use of this



new opportunity. Among other names of American Woman Workers the Bishop of Ohio mentioned two out of a host who had labored in the camp—Mrs. Canfield and Mrs. Hayes, the wife of the honored President of the United States. (Applause).”

*THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.*

#### EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY.

Friday afternoon was devoted to the consideration of the support given to Revelation by late exploration and discovery. When I say that Canon Rawlison and Canon Tristram were chief speakers, you may imagine the treat we have enjoyed. As his conclusion from readings on the monuments and remains of Egypt and Assyria, Rawlison, the highest authority in the world, said, this afternoon, that the literal historical interpretation of Scripture was proved, beyond a question, to be strictly in accord with all the historical records of both Egypt and Assyria.

A new point of interest is, that late cuneiform readings show that Assyria and Babylon, long before Moses, held the seventh-day Sabbath to be of religious obligation. Canon Tristram also showed from the Assyrian tablets, that the whole story of

creation, the fall of the angels, the fall of man, the deluge, the building of Babel, and the dispersion, was paralleled in those ancient Cushite records. He also showed that the Sabbath was observed before the families of Ham and Shem separated. Subsequently, he proved that explorations had affirmed the detailed accuracy of the geography of the Bible.

I had an opportunity to say in a few words to the Congress, that this subject had attracted great attention in the United States, and that Canon Rawlison's books and Canon Tristram's were well known among us.

#### WORKINGMEN'S MEETING.

It was an extraordinary sight! No words could give you an impression of the effect produced on my mind, and not on mine only, by the crowd of men. Albert Hall was packed half an hour before the appointed hour. The overflow was led to Cutlers' Hall, and that also was filled in ten minutes. But in Albert Hall were at least 4,000 men. Such a sea of upturned faces, and from the side galleries and the two tiers of galleries at the end, such a cloud of eager faces looking down toward the platform,

*THE MASS.*

never did I behold! Not a vacant seat nor a foot of standing room could be found. The men were wonderfully intelligent in appearance, and showed themselves so by their attention and by their discrimination as to the points made by the speakers. Many bore marks of toil. In some cases dress showed that they had hurried from their workshops. I saw one at least in a smock frock. The whole audience, however, was so superior to what I had expected, that I asked a workingman, a skilled hand, whether the most of the crowd were workers? He answered, yes. I suppose that almost all were actually the workers in the industries of Sheffield. There was something appalling in the sight of such a mass of muscle and brains and souls; in the thought that so much power was wielded by them for good or evil. The thought was oppressive. Every speaker felt it. Every one alluded to it.

You may ask, what brought them there? It was certainly not curiosity alone; nor could it have been a simple idea of receiving instruction. I infer, from remarks made to me by three or four workingmen with whom I conversed to-day, that at least one moving motive was admiration and love for the Archbishop, and the speakers, who

were the Bishops of Manchester and Carlisle, and Canon Ryle. For example, one of them said to-day, "No fear for the Church of England while such men as the Archbishop and the Bishop of Manchester live." The applause which greeted each of the four named, and especially the first two, was something tremendous.

The Archbishop presided; by his side was the Mayor of Sheffield. The Archbishop's address was full of power, tact, sympathy, and love. Every tone exhibited his deep, real feeling. The men saw it, and were one with him. His theme was, the strength of self-sacrifice; the power of self-

denial. During the course of it he showed

*YORK.* them that £150,000,000 each year were spent in drink, but that the whole cost of the Government was only £75,000,000. Consequently, that the drinking classes, of whom the working class was in too many cases to be counted, had it in their power to pay all their taxes twice over by self-denial. He made an admirable point, too, in showing that strikes, etc., were opposed to the laws of nature, and therefore could never be successful in the long run. "Prices fluctuate with trade. Wages go up with rise of prices; go down with a fall of prices. But workmen say no, they sha'n't go down. You

might as well go out in the rain, and shake your fist at the heavens, and say, I will not be rained upon. You would soon be a drowned rat!" They saw the point—applause was hearty and earnest. His closing appeal to them to accept the offered love of Christ in the Gospel was most touching. I was deeply impressed by a sense of his versatile ability, and of his strength in wielding masses of men.

*CARLISLE.* The Bishop of Carlisle showed scarcely less skill. He won their attention and sympathy by a little anecdote, and then gave them pieces of advice which, unless you had heard him, would seem the merest platitudes: Be good men. Be good Englishmen. Be good Churchmen. But his illustrations of goodness and manhood, of national character, and of a Churchman, were so happy and strong that they at once elevated these platitudes into maxims, and maxims which became great principles of right living.

*MANCHESTER.* The Bishop of Manchester (who returned from speaking a half hour at the other meeting) was received with a perfect storm of applause. His chief purpose was to show the futility of modern objections to Christianity. And although he went quite deeply into

the subject, he carried the men along with such marvellous skill, that there did not seem to be a wandering eye, nor do I believe there was one who could not comprehend him. He made a keen thrust at the late deliverance of a German philosopher, who is not able to believe that there is a God, yet can content himself with an hypothesis! He states that the only conceivable hypothesis, and, therefore, the true solution, is that man originated in a combination of chemical elements at the bottom of the sea. After playing with the thought for awhile most skilfully, he concluded, "If I must rely on an hypothesis, I prefer the hypothesis that there is a God."

The men saw the point, and assented with an expression which seemed to be unanimous.

*A CANON.* Canon Ryle, who also had been speaking in Cutlers' Hall for an hour, closed with a most vigorous address, showing some facts about Christ and Christianity: about the history of Christian ages, and the moral triumphs of Christian truth, which no sceptic could possibly reject or account for, on any other hypothesis than that the Bible is true.

All these speakers appealed with boldness and directness to the workingmen for their support of

the Church of England. Not the least earnest was Canon Ryle. The Archbishop reaffirmed the fact that the Church did not cost any workingman one shilling. It is not supported by taxation: a fact, by the way, that we can not induce the press in America to comprehend. Other Bishops urged that the men should avail themselves of their rights and privileges in the parish churches and the parish clergy. They declared that there is not a man of them, nor a member of their families, who had not a perfect title to all needed services from their parish ministers without fee or reward. Where is there a community of workingmen in America to whom that can be said? I was rejoiced at last to hear English Churchmen and English Bishops take a bold stand in defence of their Church. It is evident enough that the Church is in no danger, if its members will speak out and use their rightful influence.

*WORKINGMEN'S  
CHURCH.*

A workingman said to me to-day, as he stepped down from where he was watching the planing of an immense steel gun: "The Church is stronger than a good many people think. What it wants is that the Church shall come to the front, and that more Bishops like our Archbishop and

the Bishop of Manchester shall bring out the strength of the workingmen." The words of that workingman ought to be inscribed on every banner, "The Church to the front!" It is no time for timidity nor compromises. It is a struggle for life, a struggle which is imminent, and the Church has the heart of the people. Oh, if you could have heard from that mass of human souls,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

sung to the tune of Old Hundred! As the sight was never to be forgotten, so the song of praise must ring in the memory of all who listened to it forever!



## XXX.

### FAREWELL!

*The Deanery of York, October 7th.*

THE most pleasant pilgrimage must have an end.

AT YORK. Singular enough, three Bishops who have met most frequently are again

thrown together here, without previous intention. Bishops Lee and Stevens are at Bishopsthorpe with the Archbishop, and Bishop Bedell is at the Deanery, under the shadows of the beautiful Cathedral of York.

On the Sunday after the close of the Congress, we enjoyed our last public service in England, and took leave of brethren and friends to whom our hearts had knitted.

The Bishop of Delaware preached in the parish church nearest to the Archiepiscopal residence. The Bishop of Ohio preached in the choir of the Cathedral in the morning.

The Bishop of Pennsylvania preached in its nave at night.

And on Monday morning we turned toward Liverpool, and, better still, toward Home.

*Steamer Celtic, October 19th.*

Our homeward voyage has been an entire contrast to that pleasant outward trip which my first Paper described. The telegram sent to Liverpool by the New York *Herald* conveyed a true warning. It told us that an unusually severe storm had left

the shores of America, and would reach  
*AT SEA.*

Liverpool on the 8th of October. It did reach there on that night. Before we arrived at Queenstown harbor, it was crowded with vessels taking shelter from wind and waves. When we left the harbor at six o'clock on Wednesday night, it was to face one of the most terrific seas which we have ever encountered. Out of one storm we passed into another, finding it difficult to mark any dividing lines between them; yet the captain thought that he counted four gales in the first seven days of our passage. By God's mercy, we are sighting the lights of our harbor, as the twelfth night of the voyage is closing round us.

*Cleveland, Ohio, November 12th.*

The trip has been a very busy one. Little time

has been left from hard work and exciting cares.

*AT HOME.* It has been full of instruction, and equally of the highest of enjoyment.

With devout gratitude to God for His mercies, we mingle grateful thoughts of the Christian friends, whose attentions were not to be numbered, and whose fraternal kindness can never be forgotten. It was a rare opportunity to share the friendships of the noblest representatives of the Church of England; an opportunity thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

*OUR HOSTS.* We remember with special gratitude the unwearied attentions of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Some of us were privileged to share his home at Lambeth Palace: and what is a still more pleasant recollection, to have been received into the family life, as if we never had been strangers, but always brethren. The Bishops resident in London, the Archbishops of Dublin and Armagh, and even those prelates whose homes were at a distance—Winchester, Oxford, Peterborough, Bath and Wells, Salisbury, and many more, received us "courteously," and laded us with tokens of fraternal kindness. Clergy and laity in the city were constantly hospitable. Dean Stanley's quaint and elegant home was a happy

meeting-place, where one was sure to find the very men one wanted most to see. Lord Selbourne, whom some of us know better as Sir Roundell Palmer, and Mr. Beresford Hope and others, admitted the Bishops to Parliamentary circles, and acquaintance with men who are leading public opinion. But the time would fail to tell over names that are now household words amongst us.

Home is dearer for the absence ; our own Church more precious for the contrast. But if we have been taught that perfection has not yet been found in the Church, either here in America or there in England, we have also learned by what methods to improve what we have received and guarded as from our fathers ; to avoid some methods, which if transferred to our side of the Atlantic would become errors ; and with more sedulous care to set in order our part of the one great Kingdom of Christ, so that we may the sooner welcome that dear Lord and Saviour whose right it is to reign in every land and every heart.

Our Pilgrimage is ended.

Pleasant friends of Englewold,

God-be-w'-ye !

## EPILOGUE.

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NOW preye I to hem alle that herken this litel  
CHAUCEER AND  
THE AUTHOR,  
TO THE  
GENTLE READER.  
tretise or reden it, that if  
ther be any thing in it that  
liketh hem, that thereof they  
thanken our Lord Jesu Crist,  
of whom procedeth all witte  
and goodenesse ; and if ther be any thing that dis-  
pleseth hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it  
to the defaute of myn unkonning, and not to my  
wille, that wold fayn have seyde better if I hadde  
had konning : for our Boke seyth, all that is writen  
is writen for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente.



# THE BISHOPS AT LAMBETH.

—*from every shire's ende  
of Englelond to Caunterbury they wende.*

## THE ARCHBISHOPS OF

CANTERBURY,  
YORK,

ARMAGH,  
DULLIN.

## THE BISHOPS OF

LONDON,  
WINCHESTER,  
LLANDAFF,  
RIPON,  
NORWICH,  
BANGOR,  
GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL,  
CHESTER,  
ST. ALBANS,  
HEREFORD,  
PETERBOROUGH,  
LINCOLN,  
SALISBURY,  
CARLISLE,  
EXETER,  
BATH AND WELLS,  
OXFORD,  
MANCHESTER,  
CHICHESTER,  
ST. ASAPH,  
ELY  
ST. DAVIDS,  
TRURO,  
ROCHESTER,

LICHFIELD,  
SODOR AND MAN,  
MEATH,  
DOWN,  
KILLALOE,  
LIMERICK,  
DERRY,  
CASHEL,  
OSSORY,  
MORAY (Primus),  
ST. ANDREW'S,  
EDINBURGH,  
ABERDEEN,  
GLASGOW,  
BRECHIN,  
ARGYLL,  
DELAWARE,  
NEW YORK,  
OHIO,  
PENNSYLVANIA,  
WESTERN NEW YORK,  
NEBRASKA,  
PITTSBURGH,  
LOUISIANA,

MISSOURI,	NASSAU,
LONG ISLAND,	SYDNEY (Metropolitan),
ALBANY,	ADELAIDE,
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA,	NORTH QUEENSLAND,
NORTH CAROLINA ( <i>Assistant</i> ),	CHRISTCHURCH (Metropolitan),
NEW JERSEY,	DUNEDIN,
WISCONSIN,	GIBRALTA :
IOWA,	CAPETOWN (Metropolitan),
COLORADO,	ST. HELENA,
HAITI.	MARITZBURGH,
SHANGHAI,	BLOEMFONTEIN,
MONTREAL (Metropolitan),	PRETORIA,
FREDERICTON,	RUPERTSLAND (Metropolitan),
NOVA SCOTIA,	BRITISH COLUMBIA,
ONTARIO,	SASKATCHEWAN,
HURON,	FALKLAND ISLANDS,
TORONTO,	DOVER (Suffragan),
NIAGARA,	GUILFORD (Suffragan),
MADRAS,	NOTTINGHAM (Suffragan),
COLOMBO,	Bishop PERRY,
BOMBAY,	Bishop McDUGALL,
GUIANA,	Bishop RYAN,
ANTIGUA,	Bishop CLAUGHTON.
BARBADOS,	









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